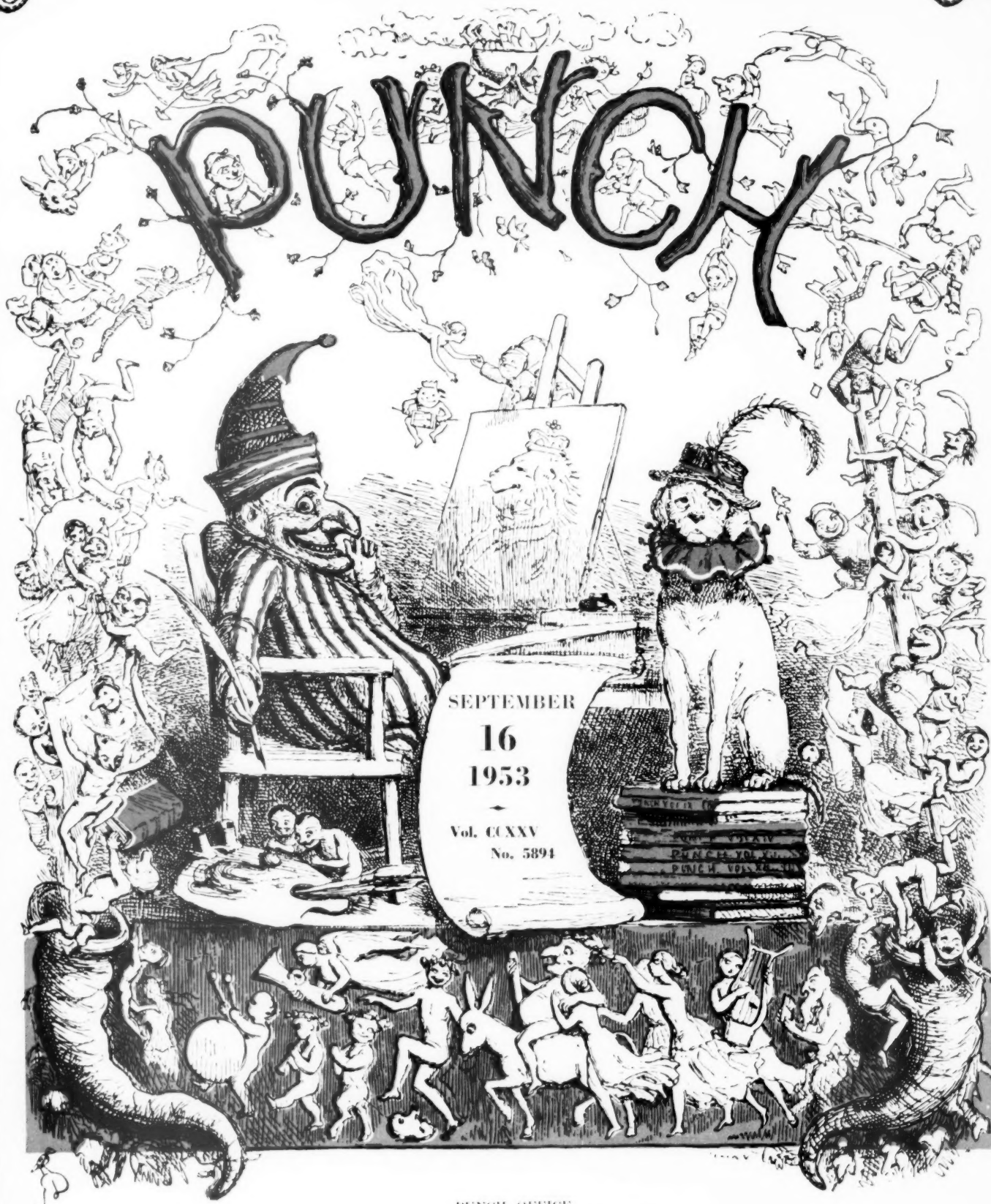


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1953

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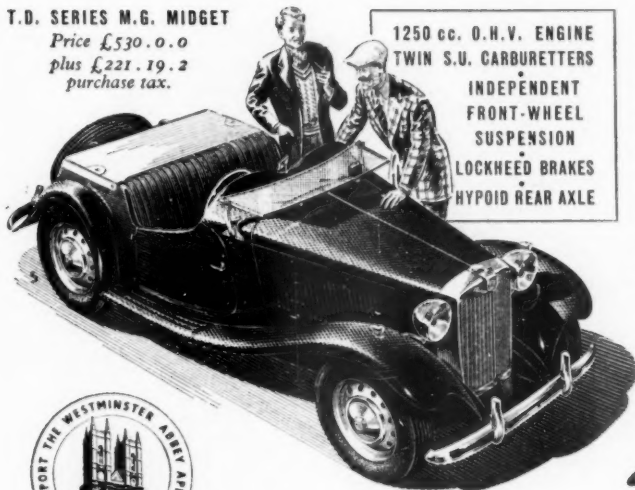
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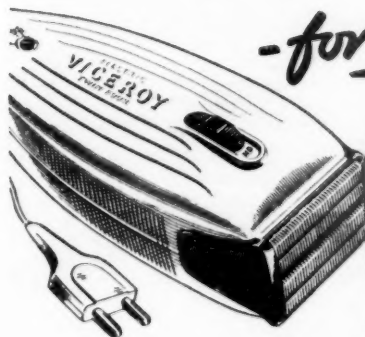
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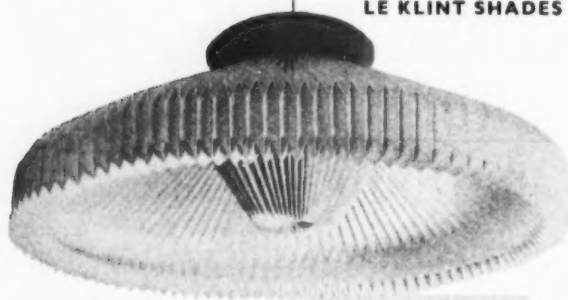
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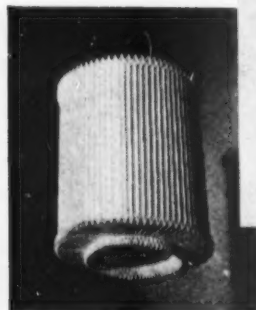
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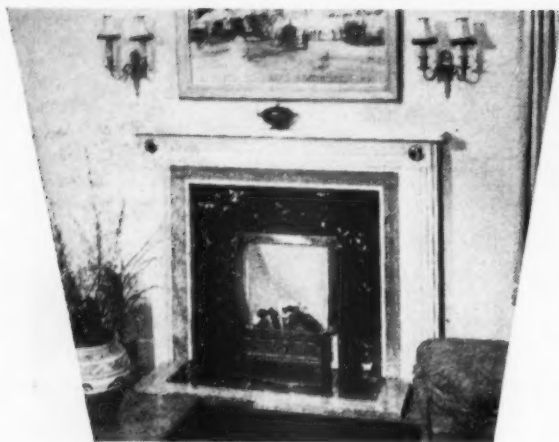
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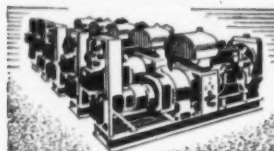
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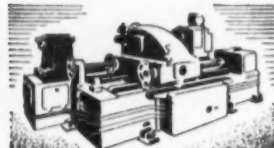
Described as "incredibly fast, incredibly safe, and incredibly reliable", the Aston Martins have earned an enviable reputation in international racing.



Britain's first twin-engine twin-rotor helicopter is the Bristol Type 173. The engine mountings, cast in high tensile steel, are typical of the range of complex castings which David Brown make for many of Britain's leading military and civil aircraft.



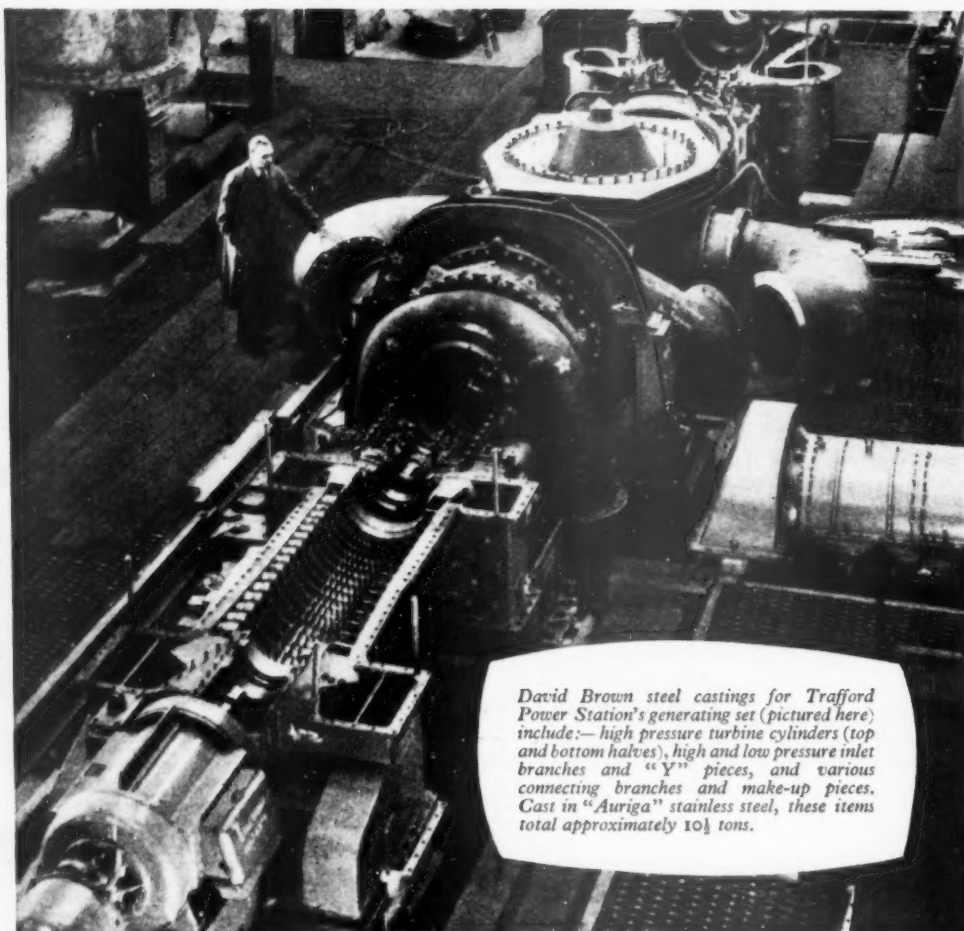
Five 12½ kVA generating sets fitted with David Brown Diesel engines, and manufactured by the Electrical Equipment Co. (Leicester) Ltd. This export order is for Yugoslavia.



The first horizontal shavings machine of its type to be built in Britain. This recent David Brown production is designed to shave high-speed turbine punions up to 24 in. diameter. It weighs 20 tons.



This British-built diesel engine railcar is operated by Victoria State Railways, Australia. David Brown supplied gears, shafts and other components.



David Brown steel castings for Trafford Power Station's generating set (pictured here) include:— high pressure turbine cylinders (top and bottom halves), high and low pressure inlet branches and "Y" pieces, and various connecting branches and make-up pieces. Cast in "Auriga" stainless steel, these items total approximately 10½ tons.

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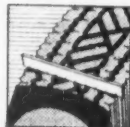
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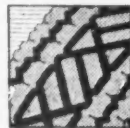
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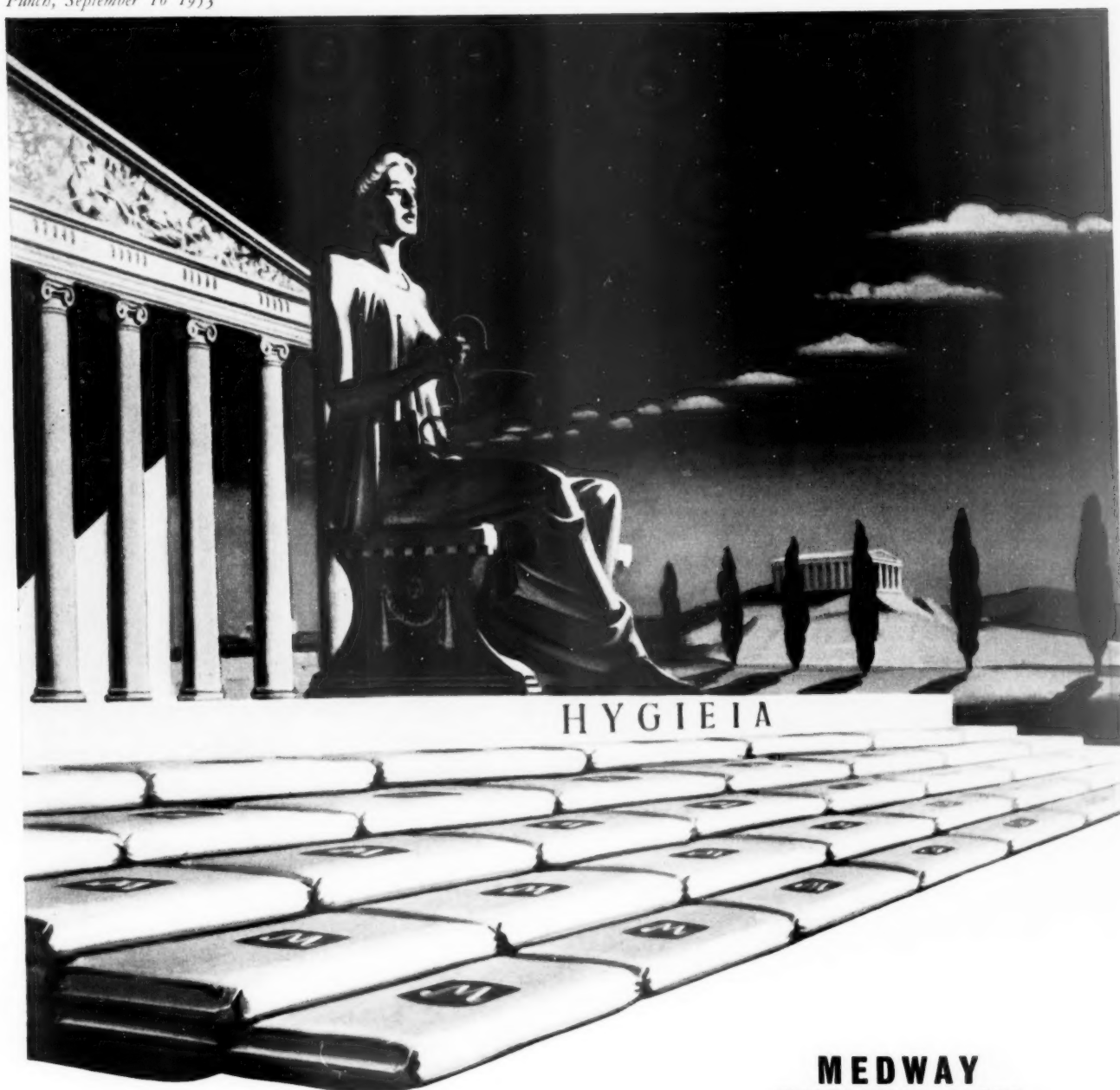
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AT NO EXTRA COST 2/10**



CHARIVARIA

FROM Corsica, Miss Nancy Spain writes, "I was up at six to iron the Sultan's burnous . . . When I had ironed it I took it with three others to the Prefecture, where he is staying." Neither Miss Spain nor the *Daily Express* explains how a Fleet Street lady comes to be doing the Sultan's ironing, but we understand that both have received indignant claims from Corsican laundresses to be allowed to write Miss Spain's column.



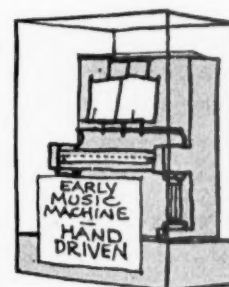
Now that the Press is on first-name terms with so many, the headline "Pat leaves for U.S." has an enigmatic compulsion. Film-star? Comic Irishman? Prominent TV personality? Just the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, winging her way over the Atlantic.

An American airline chief, interviewed by the B.B.C., told British listeners that flying will one day be cheaper than travelling by bus or train. The British Transport Executive is doing its best to hasten the day.

The long-established Russian tradition of starting the day's work late and carrying on into the small hours is to cease by Government decree. This may at last put an end to those unnerving reports about lights burning all night in the Kremlin.

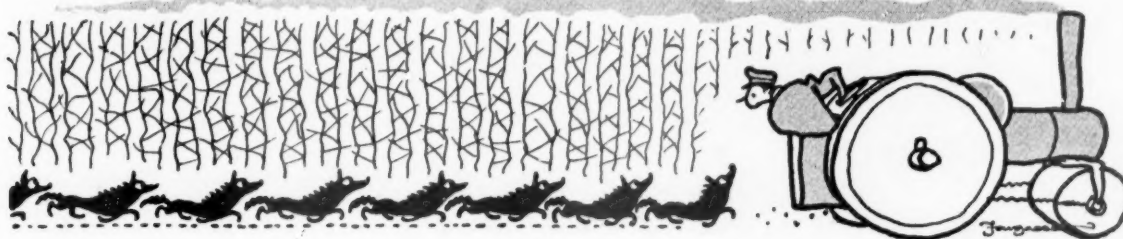
"We hope one day," said Mr. Gwilym Lloyd-George at a press conference, "to get into a saner world in which the consumers pay what they think the goods are worth, as it used to be before." Parliamentary colleagues agitating for higher salaries are furious with him.

The National Radio Show at Earl's Court managed to carry on in spite of the electricians' strike. This has done much to revive the waning prestige of steam radio.



Another five hundred old English inns have this year been scheduled by the Ministry of Housing as of outstanding historical and architectural interest. They will be open to the public at certain limited hours.

When Franz Neizher, an east German road worker, escaped to the west by driving his steamroller over the border, dismounting and giving himself up to west German frontier guards, observers were surprised at the alacrity with which east German police recovered the vehicle and drove it back. It is thought that it may have been the well-known Russian steamroller, and therefore of sentimental value.





MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES has stated that the Charter of the United Nations should be revised. The problem can be simply solved by additions to the existing Charter, which ends on Article 111, Chapter XIX.

CHAPTER XX—ADDENDA

Article 112: Prerogatives of Member-States

Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of any Member-nation to do as it likes.

Article 113: Secretariat

No person shall be employed as a member of the Secretariat who has, or who shall be deemed to have—

- (a) Been a member of any political party;
- (b) Subscribed to any opinion;
- (c) Belonged to any race, sex, colour, or religion.

Article 114: General Assembly

1. The General Assembly shall not meet.

2. In the event of the General Assembly meeting in violation of paragraph (1) Article 114, Chapter XX of the present Charter:

- (a) A situation such as to endanger the maintenance of international peace shall be deemed to have arisen;
- (b) The Security Council shall, without prejudice to Article 115, Chapter XX, call upon the Assembly to discontinue such meeting in order to prevent an aggravation of the situation referred to in paragraph 2(a) of this article.

Article 115: The Security Council

1. The Council shall take no action upon:

- (a) Morocco;
- (b) Kashmir;

- (c) Disarmament;
- (d) Any other matter—
 - (i) on its agenda;
 - (ii) whatsoever.

2. Nothing in the present Charter shall prevent the Council from advocating the taking of steps or the initiation of recommendations.

Article 116: Economic and Social Council

The Council shall continue to draw up Charters of Human Rights and, where it is deemed necessary, Fundamental Freedoms.

Article 117: Trusteeship Council

1. The Trusteeship Council shall be deemed to have a greater knowledge of the administration of Trust Territories than any Member-nation engaged in such administration.

2. In order to avoid a threat to the maintenance of international peace (Article 114, para. 2(a)) the Arab-Asian Group shall be consulted on all matters falling either within or without their purview.

Article 118: Council of Foreign Ministers

1. The Council may be summoned at any time, provided:

- (a) Not fewer than twenty-four Notes shall have been

exchanged among the Members to prepare the agenda;

- (b) Each Member has as little room for manoeuvre as is consistent with the maintenance of international tension.

2. The Council shall continue to discharge its responsibilities under "Transitional Security Arrangements" (Chap. XVII of the original Charter) under which the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. are maintained in Austria, Hungary and Rumania. We, the people, believe that this invaluable contribution to international concord should not lightly be abandoned.

3. The meetings of the Council shall be secret, except when any matter is under discussion.

Article 119: Miscellaneous Provisions

1. No Delegate of any Member-nation shall meet with any Delegate of any other Member-nation for any purpose whatsoever unless information as to the time and place of the meeting has first been filed with the major television and broadcasting networks of the host country.

2. Every Member-nation shall be bound by:

- (a) International treaties freely entered into;
- (b) The judgments of the International Court;
- (c) The President of South Korea.

Article 120: Unesco

We, the people, have nothing to add on the subject of Unesco.

G. D. TAYLOR

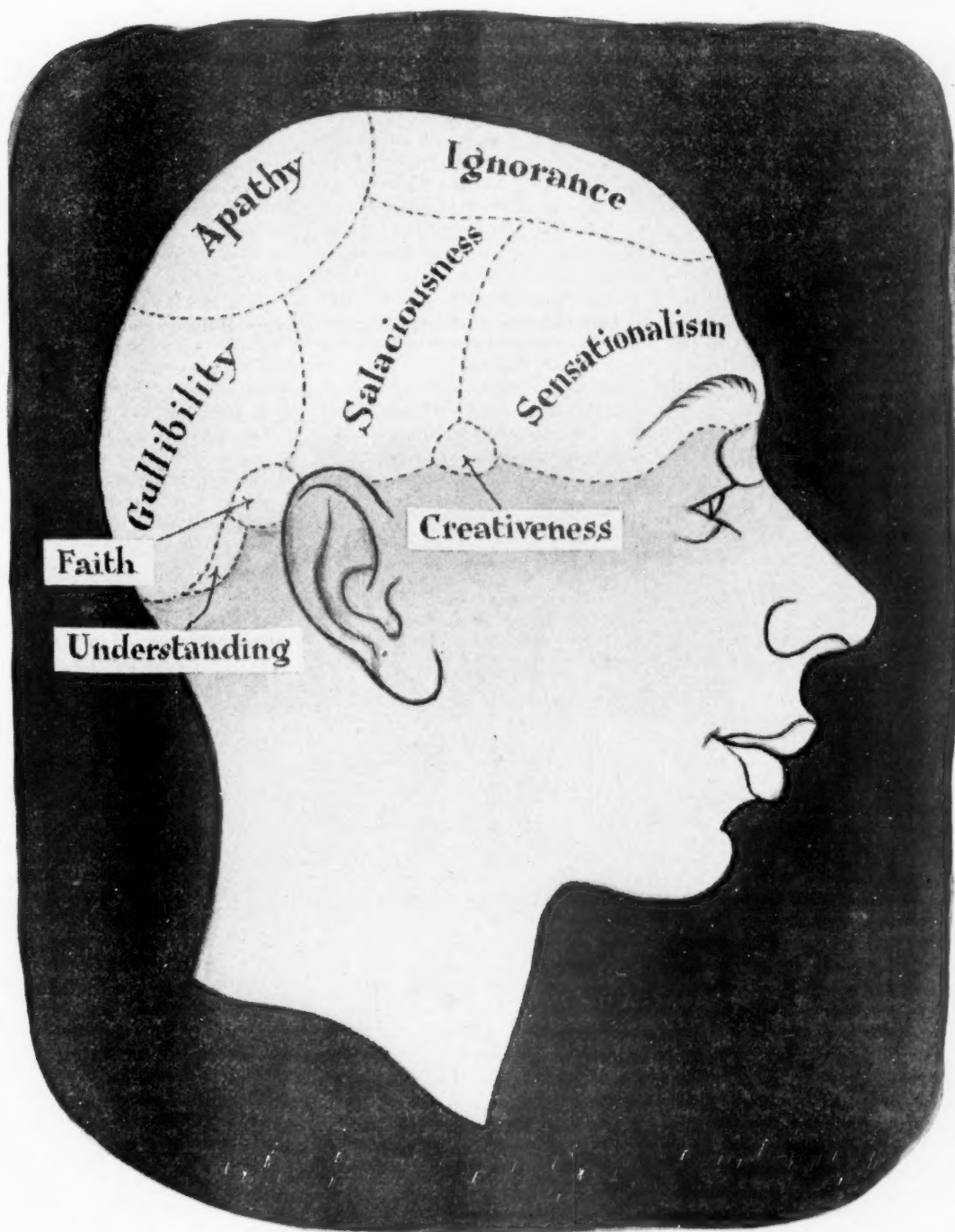
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BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY

BATTLE of Britain Sunday falls this year on September 20, and provides an opportunity to repay a little of the debt owed to the men who fought in the R.A.F. in the last war. Contributions to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund should be sent to Lord Knollys, 67 Portland Place, London, W.1.



MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY or GADARENE MAN



Unesco has reported an unstemmed "tide of children growing up to be illiterate." The British Association has surveyed, among other marvels, electronic calculators, echo-sounding apparatus, the proton-accelerating synchrotron, chemotherapy and antibiotics.

A Fresh Eye in Ireland

BY HONOR TRACY

WITH the first swallows of the year came Mr. Bingham-Childs. A friend of us both had sent him along with a letter of introduction, begging me to show him Dublin. On reading it I gave a little moan of self-pity, for the immediate future seemed likely to be full of visits to Guinness's Brewery, the National Museum and other historic edifices in which no resident normally sets foot; but there was no need for anxiety. Mr. Bingham-Childs merely wished to absorb the atmosphere and to meet Dublin intellectuals, of which he understood there were a great number.

An evening at the Abbey Theatre

seemed a good point of departure, and Mr. Bingham-Childs brightened as the suggestion was made. He remarked at once that one of his aims in visiting Dublin was to see at last some really good plays, after all the tawdry nonsense of the West End of London. Audiences, he gravely continued, were a factor of the highest importance too: he should welcome the opportunity of sitting in one that was really intelligent and critical. I began to feel as if our positions were reversed and it was he who was showing me round.

Both the title of the play we saw and the name of its author escape my memory, but it was rich in P.Q. or Peasant Quality, an attribute hard

to define but greatly prized by the theatre directors. The curtains went up on the dim, smoky interior of a cabin in "the wesht," with an aged crone huddled over the fire, passing remarks of a typically racy kind. Ragged figures came and went: a bottle circulated: there was a struggle. The upshot of it all, as I remember, was that somebody got the better of somebody else.

Mr. Bingham-Childs greatly enjoyed the whole thing. A nice thing about the true-blue English visitor is that he not only approaches the Abbey expecting to see a worthwhile play but leaves it convinced that he has done so. In the intervals we repaired to a neighbouring bar where we fell in with a jovial stranger who explained that England's wars had all been won, as her literature had been written, by Irishmen; with which my companion fully agreed. He stood erect with shining eyes for *The Soldier's Song* at the end of the performance.

He had made an appointment for coffee at eleven o'clock next day with a man whose distinguished name was so familiar to me that when at eleven-thirty a plaintive voice inquired for me on the telephone I was not in the least surprised.

"He said the Oriental Café in Grafton Street," the voice explained. "I suppose I *am* in the right place?"

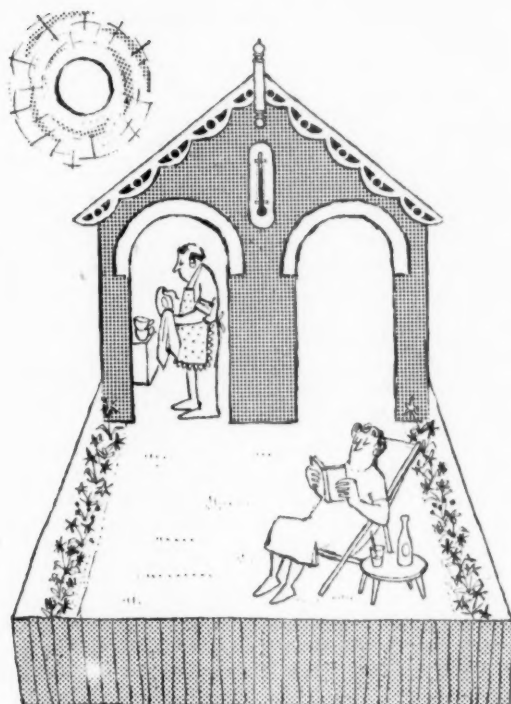
He gave details of his position and I assured him there was no mistake.

"That's all right, then," said the voice with relief in it.

At ten minutes past twelve it was back again, subdued and flattened, and asked what I was doing for lunch. Nothing, I said, and we made an appointment for half-past one. Then I leaned back in my chair and fell into a meditation. Is there anything truly wrong in the little harmless white lies that bring peace and joy to honest men? Mr. Bingham-Childs had sounded full of the dejection of a nice child whose toy has been snatched from its hand. His pleasure in Dublin ought not to be



"They might at least have confiscated his bell!"



Smilby.

spoiled for want of a word from me. I picked up the telephone and, having got through to Davy Byrnes, inquired if by any chance the missing intellectual were on the premises. By a coincidence he was; and I begged him to tell me if he happened to know the whereabouts of a Mr. Bingham-Childs. "He's here incognito, scouting for the B.B.C.," I said. "Mind you, I've said nothing."

A silence followed these words during which the very wire seemed to be vibrating with emotion.

"Did you say the B.B.C.?" the intellectual presently asked, with a suspicion of hoarseness in his voice.

"That's it. Only he doesn't want it to leak out. He believes he will get a better idea of who's who in Irish culture by informal contact. Or so I hear."

There was another silence.

"Well, if I come across him I'll let you know," said the intellectual casually. "I don't think much of the B.B.C. myself, as you know, but I should like to be of assistance."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Bingham-Childs telephoned in high feather to say there had been a mix-up and would I think him very rude if he suggested our lunching some other day.

"His American agent had cabled urgently for an essay," said Mr. Bingham-Childs in awed tones. "He hadn't even the time to put me off. All he could do was hurl himself at his typewriter and compose."

"Much of the best work gets done that way," I said. "Would you mind not telling him that you've been in touch with me?"

"Why ever not?"

"In this part of the world it is better when the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is up to."

"Oh, how delightfully odd!"

When Mr. Bingham-Childs telephoned next, some days later, I asked if he was ever likely to have an evening free.

"Oh, yes: I've seen much less of you than I should have liked. But

you do understand? This has been such a wonderful experience . . . welcomed everywhere . . . never thought it possible . . ."

"I want to take you to the Pearl Bar. It's where the cream of Dublin intelligence assembles. You can see them all together at once."

"And you know them all?" cried the eager voice.

"More or less."

"Ah!"

The lounge of the Pearl Bar was not yet very full as we climbed up to it the following evening.

I steered Mr. Bingham-Childs to a table, avoiding corners—one should never let oneself be cornered in the Pearl—and choosing a site from which a fast retreat would be possible and which yet afforded a wide view of the room.

One of Dublin's major poets immediately joined us, with a thirsty look on his face. He was obliged to depend on our kindness that evening because the confidence he felt in

certain race-horses had turned out to have been misplaced. This in no way reflected on his judgment; as a wise old lady once observed, in Irish racing the things to consider are the owner, the jockey and the horse, and you need to know what is passing in the minds of all three before you lay down a shilling. Yet the pain of the loss itself had cast a shadow over his mind and he launched, in his beautiful voice, a diatribe against Ireland and all her works, her passion for mediocrity, her crucifixion of genius: he lamented the passing of his best years among marshmen and Firlbolgs: he threatened to shake the dust of her off his feet and to seek his living henceforward in strange places among foreign men.

Mr. Bingham-Childs murmured something about oases of Christian culture in a world distracted by

materialism, and the voice was hushed and over the craggy peasant face stole a look of infinite compassion. Its owner applied himself without uttering again to his drink as being of its own nature permanently and unassailably good, and left as soon as he had finished it.

An unknown young man came up and waved some grimy paper at us.

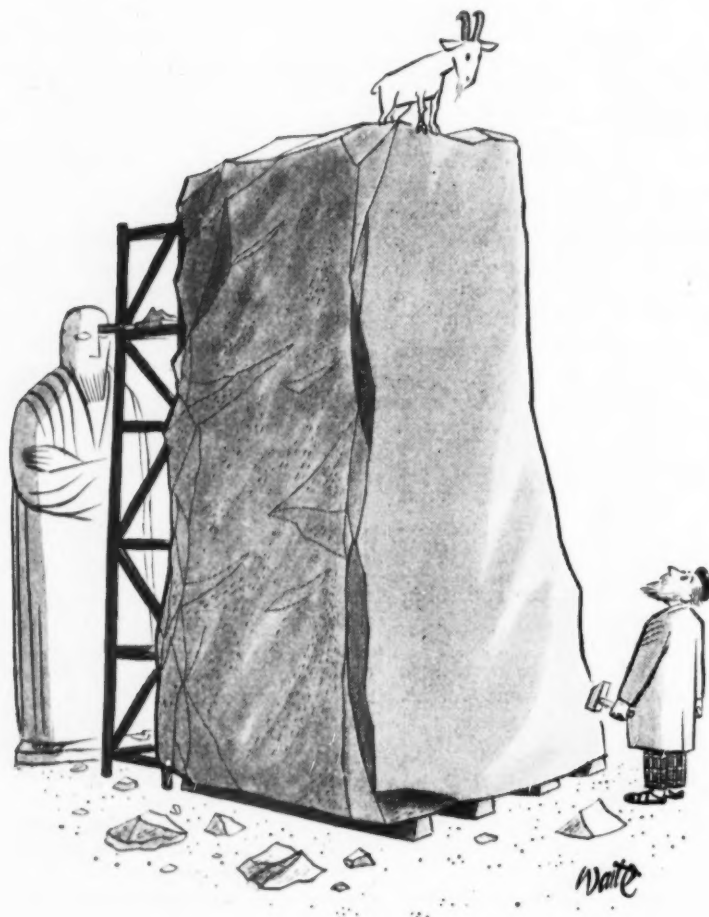
"I've written a poem," he remarked. "Will I read it?"

"By all means," said Mr. Bingham-Childs companionably. I began almost to wish he had been the more usual kind of tourist.

"But will you sign me up?" proceeded the youth.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Sign me up. The way you signed — up. Didn't you sign — up?"



"I haven't signed anyone up. I don't think I know what you mean."

"Then isn't he the biggest bloody liar in the world?" and the stranger flounced indignantly away.

Seeing myself poised, as so often before, on the brink of exposure I began hurriedly to explain what might have been in the poet's mind. The word of my friend's presence was sure to have gone round Dublin and it was likely that some people might have put a wrong construction on his interest in cultural affairs. The belief that in Ireland a rich vein of talent was waiting to be opened up was very persistent abroad, and publishers and agents were in the habit of coming over in relays to scout for themselves. They would stay a week or so and leave delightedly, fed with promises of dramas, poems, novels and brilliant new interpretations of James Joyce. Perhaps it had been assumed that Mr. Bingham-Childs was one of them, since a pure disinterested love of Irish letters was new in Dublin experience. If so, I urged, the thing to do was to play 'up in order not to cause disappointment and give offence: did he agree?

To my relief Mr. Bingham-Childs, laughing merrily, agreed. Yet even as he laughed there was a gleam in his eye that was not of pure amusement, or rather it was of an amusement extended some little way beyond the immediate joke, and therefore disquieting.

The following day was to be his last among us: we therefore took leave of each other.

"I only wish I could have done more to enliven your stay," I told him.

"But you did a great deal, a great deal!—more than I had any right to expect," he cried expansively.

Then he gave a deprecating little giggle.

"I may be silly, you know, but I'm conscious!"

"No burials have taken place in the churchyard for over fifty years. The Guild will appeal to voluntary bodies to help raise money for the work."

Church Times

Charity begins at home.

Safety by All Means

BY EVOE

I AM told that the Government is going to take some steps at last to control the insubordination of pedestrians, and I hope the report is true.

For surely no species, or sub-species, of *homunculus* has ever failed so lamentably to adapt itself to environment as the miserable section of road-users that travels on its feet.

The mole, the hedgehog, the skunk, the stoat, the badger, the rabbit and the rat, not to mention the lemur and the squirrel, have one and all, in the process of evolution, found some means of defence against, or escape from, their natural and most vindictive enemies. So have the feathered bipeds. But not foot-faring man. The mole, for instance, eats worms and burrows underground, and only in a very few places—amongst which we can number Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus—does *Homo Pedestrianus* (whether or not a vermivore) follow the splendid civic example of the mole. The lemurs (and we refer not only to the *Angwantibo* and the *Perodicticus* but also to the *Tarsier* and the *Nycticebus*) spring lightly from tree to tree. So does cousin squirrel. Yet only few and far between are the bridges built above by-pass roads to save the pedestrian from elimination.

His basic speed, at the same time, is woefully inadequate to ensure survival. The acceleration of the cheetah is said to be forty-five miles per hour in two seconds from a standing start. In full stride this lively and elegant creature can make seventy miles per hour. But so can the Mongolian antelope. Regarding the motorist as a cheetah, can we liken the pedestrian for a moment to the Mongolian antelope? What is more, the antelope bounds. So does the African Kipspringer. It bounds like a ball.

Why has the human pedestrian not mastered these simple life-saving rules in the course of the last thirty years? Nothing is needed except small, stubby feet, and a great strengthening of the lower limbs,

easily acquired by practise in a good gymnasium.

The saltatory powers of the common flea are notorious. It is calculated that if the human mammal were able to lift itself equally fast and equally high it could break the sound barrier at every jump. Must man lag behind his little friend the flea?

Certain animals, again, discharge a malodorous effluence or mephitic vapour to protect themselves when attacked; or, like the octopus, squirt ink into the eyes of their enemies; or, like the hedgehog, roll themselves into a prickly ball.

Other mammals trumpet, roar, howl or whine with the object of terrorizing their attackers, and the more timorous type of motorist might easily quail before a pedestrian who had developed his lung-power as highly as the buffalo or the elephant, or was able to laugh like the hyena, or whine after the manner of the thoooid group, in which we include brother wolf, comrade dog, and the charming North African jackal.

Or consider the howling monkey or the larger apes. The gorilla has a black and wrinkled countenance; the hair in general is black, commonly with a reddish tinge on the

crown and tending to some grey on the back in adult males. It is thus not unlike the ordinary pedestrian. When provoked it drums with its fists on its chest, making a sound which reverberates like a tom-tom through the impenetrable jungle and causes the hunter to shake with dismay.

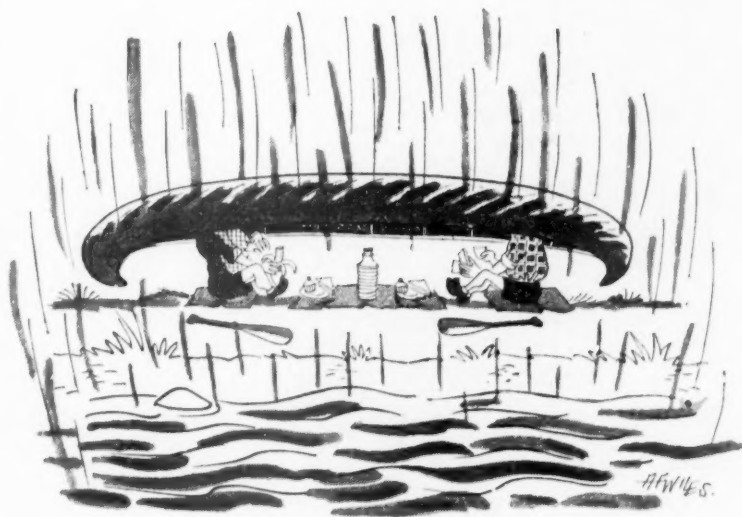
Perhaps we have here a solution of the whole problem. If the pedestrian alone were legally permitted to hoot, bellow or howl, using whatever cacophonous instrument he preferred when about to cross the road, while the motorist was compelled to remain dumb, the wretched biped might have a better chance of avoiding annihilation; and we surely do not want the little creature to become extinct.

Any motorist who struck and destroyed a hooting pedestrian would immediately be charged with murder.

"Pointing out that 'Bolton, Lanes' is often confused with 'Boston, Lines,' the Post Office advised that the name of the town should be printed in capitals."

Daily Mail

Godo diea.



Life Without Fig-leaves

BY LORD KINROSS

LITERARY ladies and gentlemen assembled last week, beneath the Venetian mirrors and crystal chandeliers of a Park Lane hotel, to mark a cardinal milestone in the March of Modern Culture. They met under the chairmanship of Mr. Randolph Churchill, wearing a halo, and after grace had been said, they ate sole and sirloin to celebrate the publication and possible damnation of a book called *Publish and Be Damned!* by Mr. Hugh Cudlipp (Dakers, 12s. 6d.).

This is the Book of the Prophet Bartholomew, a taciturn man who looks like a bishop and is known to his disciples as "Bart." He is a man, says this disciple, feared, respected, unloved but unhated, who "instinctively knows what is right," and was thus inspired to create the *Daily Mirror*. The Prophet Bartholomew, we learn, is a genius who shuns the world and chooses, again instinctively, to "walk alone," creating around him an atmosphere of oriental mystery. He is not well-read, he does not write, he seldom speaks, and his chief relaxation is to creep up behind his editor and hit him over the head with an eight-foot plank of balsa wood. But he has divined an important truth: that Man—or at least Common Man—has reached that stage of progress at which he no longer requires to read.

Marching "Forward with the People," the Prophet thus created for eleven million followers, in their own image and in the simple pictorial

style beloved of little children, a whole new pantheon of gods and goddesses, ranging from an Aphrodite called Jane to a Hercules called Garth; embracing Buck Ryan, Ruggles, Pip, Squeak, Wilfred, the Flutters and Belinda Blue-eyes; and, ascending to the higher strata of the hierarchy, Mr. Godfrey Winn, his Dog, his Mother, his Secretary, and his Sincerity.

In these deities Common Man can see and worship himself, as he is or as he wants to be. A man of the artisan class, aged thirty-five, confessed to Mass Observation that he "wanted a body like Garth's"; and Mr. Cudlipp dreams of a newspaper strike when the Lord Mayor of London will read out the strips over the B.B.C., "so that the followers will not be deprived of their daily thrill, throb and sob."

The mantle of the Prophet descended on Mr. Cudlipp through a disciple called Nicholson, who "unfolded a grandiose plan by which, together, we would change the direction of the human race," and asked him if he could start to-day. "'Yes,' I said, 'I could start very soon.' It was apparent that no time should be lost."

The direction was changed by scriptures which, as man continues to progress, will doubtless be read as literature in appropriate anthologies: the brief but poetic *UMBRELLA IN COFFIN MEMENTO OF ROMANCE*; the descriptive *MATCH-MAKING MAMMIES SHOO SPINSTER LOVELIES TO GIBRAL-*

TAR TO GRAB A JACK TAR HUBBY; the philosophic *LOVE STILL GOES ON*, *GIRL IN SLACKS CANED*, amid the irrelevancies of war.

Such stanzas are printed so large that Common Man will read them. But the Prophet divined also that he will read things even in smaller type, if he has written them himself. Hence the "Live Letter Box," where Miss A. M., of Hammer-smith, informs the followers that she wears four-inch heels to work and four-and-a-half heels in the evening, and "Oh, boy! have I plenty of boy friends," and where D.M.V. is concerned because women have much larger mouths than they used to have, and is it due to smoking?

The object of the *Mirror* is no longer to recount news, as less progressive newspapers do, but to act as its readers' Confessional ("When were you first kissed?"); their Pulpit ("There is spreading among us to-day a spirit of raging resentment against cruelty to infants"); their Circus (a *Mirror* elephant once sneezed and dropped dead in the editor's office).

Also their school in the Things That Matter in Life, like Success ("Knock! Knock! Who's there? It is the younger generation. What is your ambition?"); Charm (in twenty-four lessons); Love (how to date the Post-Pituitary and the Thyroid); and finally Death ("What sort of a funeral will you want? Flowers? A long service? Tears and black clothes?"). It has even performed miracles for them, like making a dog say "I want one." But there was the Miracle that Failed, when a lady called Peggy, from Battersea, lay in bed by a clutch of eggs for twenty-five days—but could not hatch them.

After the literary meal, in the intervals of discussing themselves, each other and their views on various matters, the speakers referred in passing to the *Daily Mirror*. But for the most part they had the tact to dwell on the failings of less high-minded newspapers. The Chairman, adjusting his halo and



SVENTIN
BATE

launching into Churchillian periods, declared that "so deep and lush and fast-flowing has become the river of pornography and crime which streams to-day from Fleet Street that there has recently been some talk behind the scenes that the more important pornographers and criminologists should receive some recognition of their tireless labours." But Mr. Cudlipp, he regretted, had

little chance of becoming Pornographer Royal or Criminologist Extraordinary.

Mr. Shinwell suggested, as irrelevantly, that if there is dirt in the community it should be brought to the surface; and Mr. Kingsley Martin, the director of "the only financially stable Left Wing organization west of the Iron Curtain," that we should not wear fig-leaves

in our thoughts as well as in our pictures. (Unluckily no picture of him in a fig-leaf is known.) Mr. Cudlipp himself, after paying a tribute to Mr. Hore-Belisha's "perfectly charming" views on Sex, said he thought the *Mirror* was "rather prissy," and summed up, with a reference to its circulation: "If you bite the *Daily Mirror* you bite the human race." Exactly.

MUCK RYAN



BARTH



PLAIN JANE



"The only tragedy is that the strip technique has been degraded to flood the country with foreign, cheap, appallingly drawn, vulgarly worded, multi-coloured weekly comics crammed with sadism and sub-normal sex. Their heroes are thugs, molls and monkey-men; their plots are liberally sprinkled with coshings, blackmail, cowardice and corruption."—"Publish and Be Damned!" by Hugh Cudlipp, p. 77.

Hell for Leathers

BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

THOSE sensitive to the subtler undertones of political life will sympathize with the ex-Secretary of State for the Co-ordination of Transport, Fuel and Power in his recent plight at Chequers—hinted at, with the delicacy proper to such a document, in his letter of resignation.

"My dear Prime Minister," he began—"When I was at Chequers last week there was then no convenient opportunity of having a few words with you, as I should have liked, concerning my personal position . . ." He then went on to ask, in plain terms, for his cards.

And small wonder. It is safe to say that a Minister invited to lunch with his leader sets out in full expectation of having a few words concerning his personal position. Other recent visitors to the same address, figuring in one of the tiniest Government re-shuffles in Parliamentary history, set out in the same expectation and were not, it seems, disappointed. How was it that Lord Leathers, through the long day, pursued his host about the house and grounds without getting out the vital words "I want to resign"? For it must be remembered that his desire was not to become a Minister but an ex-Minister; to return at once, as he later wrote, to "many personal matters of importance waiting to be dealt with without delay." He deserved to be heard. Had he followed his leader from room to room crying "You promised me

Agriculture and Fisheries," or "What about the Foreign Office?" he would have been asking for a deaf ear, even a thick one. But when all you want to do is pack up and go it's hard not to get a break.

Consider a moment.

Here is Lord Leathers in his office at Great George Street, co-ordinating Transport, Fuel and Power with one hand, picking at a few personal matters of importance with the other, snatching when he can at a digestive biscuit, when the message arrives: "Pray come to lunch." It is a call many have awaited, few with more impatience. Throwing a hundredweight of papers into a trunk, to read on the journey, he rings for a cab and is gone. The time has come.

Passing through the sunlit garden he enters the presence determined to make short work of his task. "Prime Minister," he begins briskly, "I want to—"

"Help yourself to a cigar."

"Thank you, no. I was going to—"

"No, no, don't go. Brigadier Mackeson and Major Turton and Mr. Peake and young Heathcoat-What's-his-name are trying to get Woolton to tell them about his operation."

A number of figures, now materializing in the dimmed light, greet Lord Leathers with an amiable "Morning, Fred," and he, espying the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster over by the piano, cleverly exuding an aura of interruption, moves heavily towards the cigar-box.

At lunch things are no better. Seated at the wrong end of the table and enjoying the eager alternate confidences of Brigadier Smyth and Miss Horsbrugh, he contains his impatience until the meal is over. Then, on the pretext that Lord Woolton looks faint and needs a window opened, he makes a swift move up the room. But he has scarcely hissed "Sir, I must—!" into the all-important ear when its owner rises and proceeds, beaming, towards his well-known afternoon nap.

The next two hours drag by on leaden feet. Ruminating hotly on all the personal matters of importance to which he could be attending, he listens with bare attention to Sir Arthur Salter's blow-by-blow summary of his Ormskirk campaign, and rather than endure Mr. Peake's criticism of the punched-card accounting system at the Ministry of Pensions he plunges Sir Thomas Dugdale into an hysterical tour of the vegetable gardens, remembering too late that the Minister of Agriculture can have little interest in a wild discourse on the soil requirements of the runner bean.

Tea on the lawn at last. Seizing the currant bread, Lord Leathers gains the Prime Minister's side and is about to speak . . . when there is a burst of laughter from the gate and a considerable party of sons- and daughters-in-law come surging gaily across the lawn. By the time the introductions are over, and chairs surrendered to the ladies, he finds himself on the outermost fringe, with the plate of currant bread and Major Lloyd-George who, perhaps from a desperate impulse to keep the occasion on a political footing, launches out angrily about the grain-sack shortage.

In no time the day has gone. Lord Leathers tries a last desperate throw at the moment of farewell. "Sir," he says hoarsely—"about Transport. I—"

"Woolton will take you," says his host, turning away with a wave of a chubby hand.

And there it is.

As readers will appreciate, the reconstruction is to some extent conjectural. I can only say that if I had been Lord Leathers, and had begun my letter of resignation as he began his, then this, roughly, would have been the reason why.



"He pleads indoctrination, sir."

"An electric locomotive to-day ran to the Hutt Valley for the first time under its own steam . . ."

Wellington Evening Post

But does that count?



"Next year we'll try Cornflowers instead of Begonias, Lobelia instead of Forget-me-nots, Hyacinths instead of Daffodils, and instead of Roman what about a nice, simple Italic?"

Boswell on The Grand Tour

DINNER WITH MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU



FRIDAY, 14 DECEMBER . . . [Monsieur Rousseau] stopped, and looked at me in a singular manner. "Are you greedy?" BOSWELL. "Yes." ROUSSEAU. "I am sorry to hear it." BOSWELL. "Ha! Ha! I was joking, for in your books you write in favour of greed. I know what you are about to say, and it is just what I was hoping to hear. I wanted to scheme myself into a dinner invitation. I had a great desire to share a meal with you." ROUSSEAU. "Well, if you are not greedy, will you dine here tomorrow? But I give you fair warning, you will find yourself badly off." BOSWELL. "No, I shall not be badly off; I am above all such considerations." ROUSSEAU. "Come then at noon; it will give us time to talk." BOSWELL. "All my thanks." ROUSSEAU. "Good evening."

SATURDAY 15 DECEMBER . . . We dined in the kitchen, which was neat and cheerful. There was something singularly agreeable in this scene. Here was Rousseau in all his simplicity, with his Armenian dress, which I have surely mentioned before now. His long coat and nightcap made him look easy and well.

Our dinner was as follows: 1. A dish of excellent soup. 2. A *bouilli* of beef and veal. 3. Cabbage, turnip and carrot. 4. Cold pork. 5. Pickled trout, which he jestingly called tongue. 6. Some little dish which I forget. The dessert consisted of stoned pears and of chestnuts. We had red and white wines. It was a simple, good repast. We were quite at our ease. I sometimes forgot myself and became ceremonious. "May I help you to some of this dish?" ROUSSEAU. "No, Sir. I can help myself to it." Or, "May I help myself to some more of that?" ROUSSEAU. "Is your arm long enough? A man does the honours of his house from a motive of vanity. He does not want it forgotten who is the master. I should like every one to be his own master, and that no one should play the part of host. Let each one ask for what he wants; if it is there to give, let him be given it; otherwise, he must be satisfied without. Here you see true hospitality." BOSWELL. "In England, it is quite another matter. They do not want to be at ease; they are stiff and silent, in order to win

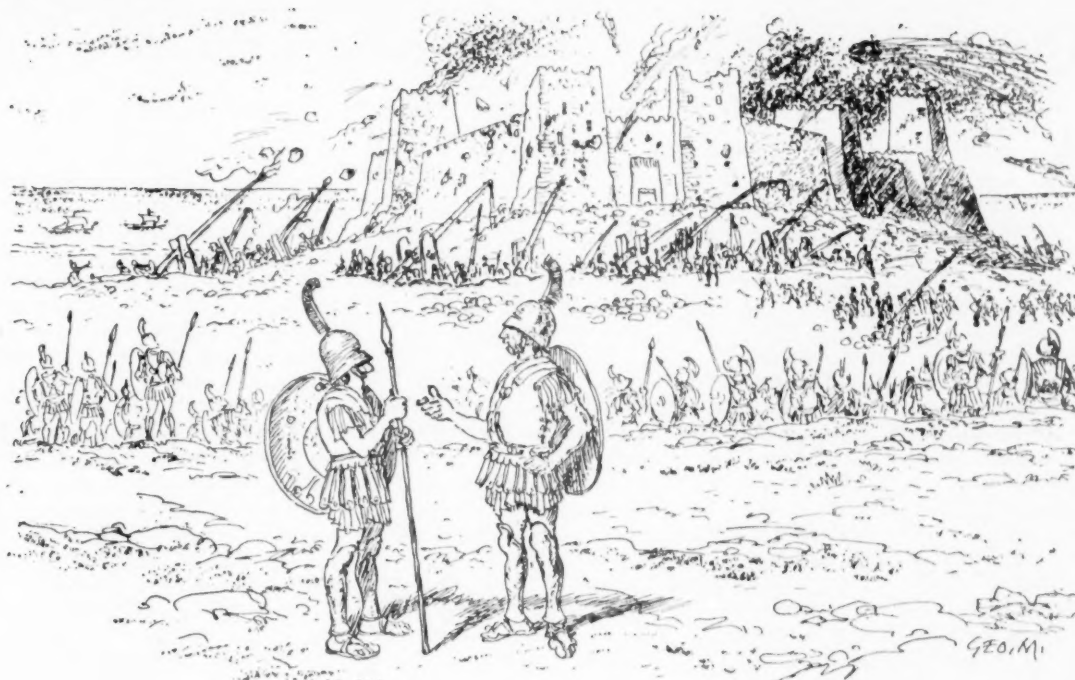
respect." ROUSSEAU. "In France, you find no such gloom among people of distinction. There is even an affectation of the utmost liberty, as though they would have you understand, 'We stand in no fear of losing our dignity.' That is a more refined form of self-esteem."

. . . BOSWELL. "I have leanings towards despotism, let me tell you. On our estate, I am like an ancient laird, and I insist on respect from the tenants." ROUSSEAU. "But when you see an old man with white hair, do you, as a young man, have no feelings at all? Have you no respect for age?" BOSWELL. "Yes. I have even on many occasions been very affable. I have talked quite freely with the tenants." ROUSSEAU. "Yes, you forgot yourself, and became a man." BOSWELL. "But I was sorry for it afterwards. I used to think, 'I have lowered myself.'" ROUSSEAU. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

BOSWELL. "Yesterday I had in mind to ask a favour of you, to give me credentials as your ambassador to the Corsicans. Will you make me his Excellency? Are you in need of an ambassador? I offer you my services: Mr. Boswell, Ambassador Extraordinary of Monsieur Rousseau to the Isle of Corsica. Would you care to be King of Corsica?" ROUSSEAU. "On my word! Ha! Ha! Not I. It is beyond my powers" (with a low bow). "All the same, I can say, 'I have refused to be a king.'"

ROUSSEAU. "Do you like cats?" BOSWELL. "No." ROUSSEAU. "I was sure of that. It is my test of character. There you have the despotic instinct of men."





"Achilles tells me that our leaflets are making quite an impression on Troy."

They do not like cats because the cat is free and will never consent to become a slave. He will do nothing to your order, as the other animals do." BOSWELL. "Nor a hen, either." ROUSSEAU. "A hen would obey your orders if you could make her understand them. But a cat will understand you perfectly and not obey them." BOSWELL. "But a cat is ungrateful and treacherous." ROUSSEAU. "No. That's all untrue. A cat is an animal that can be very much attached to you; he will do anything you please out of friendship. I have a cat here. He has been brought up with my dog; they play together. The cat will give the dog a blow with his tail, and the dog will offer him his paw." (He described the playing of his dog and cat with exquisite eloquence, as a fine painter draws a small piece.) He put some victuals on a trencher, and made his dog dance round it. He sung to him a lively air with a sweet voice and great taste. "You see the ballet. It is not a gala performance, but a pretty one all the same." I think the dog's name was Sultan. He stroked him and fed him, and with an arch air said, "He is not much *respected*, but he gets well looked after."

BOSWELL. "Suppose you were to walk in upon a drinking-party of young folk, who should treat you with ridicule, would you be above minding it?" ROUSSEAU. "It would put me out of countenance. I am shy by nature. I have often, for example, been overcome by the raillery of women. A party such as you describe would be disagreeable to me. I should leave it." I was comforted to find that my sensibility is not despicable weakness.

Gardening Notes

STILL down the centuries an echo lingers
Of the white hands of fair Iscult, the bride
Who followed faithless Tristram from afar.
Pale, as we *all* know, was that person's hand which
Somebody loved beside the Shalimar,
And did not the persistent Dong pursue
The Jumbly Girl, whose hands were both sky-blue?
Yet who will hymn the housewife with green fingers,
Who gulps her tea and bolts a large ham sandwich
In an attempt to hurry back outside
To weed the rockery, or—inter alia—
Disbud chrysanthemums and stake the dahlia?

Since What's-her-name was whisked away by Pluto
And left behind her trails of floral clues
For Ceres (wailing *molto sostenuto*)
To ascertain her whereabouts, the Muse
Has often sung the blossoms in her kirtle—
Nasturtium, hollyhock and coreopsis
Vieing with daphne, amaranth and myrtle
To form a categorical synopsis.

By no means does it follow that the poet
Who with impassioned tenderness composes
A sonnet on each flower he locates
Should automatically want to grow it:
Swinburne was not on friendly terms with roses;
Nine rows of beans were good enough for Yeats.

D. A. WILKINSON

The Hounslow Boy

BY PATRICK HEYWORTH

POLICE REPORT

ALEC HOUNSLOW. Age 16. Pupil at Fording County Comprehensive Secondary Modern School.

On the 4th September the accused reported to his headmaster that a postal order of value five shillings had been stolen from his locker. He alleged that the only person to whom he had mentioned having received the postal order was a Mr. Theodore Kane, the Maths master. Police inquiries revealed that the postal order had been cashed but that the signature was not in Hounslow's handwriting. The headmaster thereupon gave Hounslow five shillings out of the school funds, in compensation.

After further investigations, however, both the postmistress and her assistant identified Hounslow as the boy who had cashed the postal order. Moreover, the proprietor of a café adjacent to the post office stated that on the afternoon of the 4th the accused consumed more than five shillingsworth of food on his premises.

On the 27th September Dr. Isidore McNab, the handwriting expert, travelled down from Edinburgh to review the case and established that Hounslow did, in

fact, sign the postal order but did so with his left hand. The police therefore prosecute on two charges: that the accused:

(i) did write his own signature in a manner calculated to mislead and defraud.

(ii) did obtain five shillings from the school funds through his headmaster by false pretences.

PSYCHOLOGIST'S REPORT

Alec Hounslow. Age 16. Mental age 25. Motor-muscle co-ordination subnormal; Klettrich-Weider Scale 2+d/43? approx. Hildemann Test shows that the subject's left hand has a 34.7 resistance to motivation, thus accounting for a high degree of manual irresponsibility.

PSYCHIATRIST'S REPORT

Obsessional interest in food, symptomatic of the extravert child starved of affection in the home. Maladjusted at school. Manual operations markedly schizoid; an interesting case of sinistromania, in which the patient is compelled to perform with his left hand the very opposite of what he would do with his right. Suggest two months' psychiatric observation at Courtenay Manor M.O.H. Seaside Home for Mental Research.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER'S REPORT

Have visited Mr. Thomas Hounslow, the boy's father, at his home. Mr. Hounslow, a proof-corrector of the London Telephone Directory and a man of wide reading, traced and attributed his son's conduct to frustration of infantile ambidexterity. In support of this assertion he produced a diary of the year 1938 with the following entry:

"April 4. The boy appears to be ambidextrous. Am grieved to see that he uses his spoon and pusher quite indiscriminately in either hand. While reading to Gladys as usual this evening I came across this alarming passage in Sir Thomas Browne, who insisted that a choice between left and right hands was important and should be irrevocable . . . 'for there will otherwise arise *anomalous disturbances* in Manual Actions not only in Civil and Artificial, but also in Military affairs and the several actions of War.'

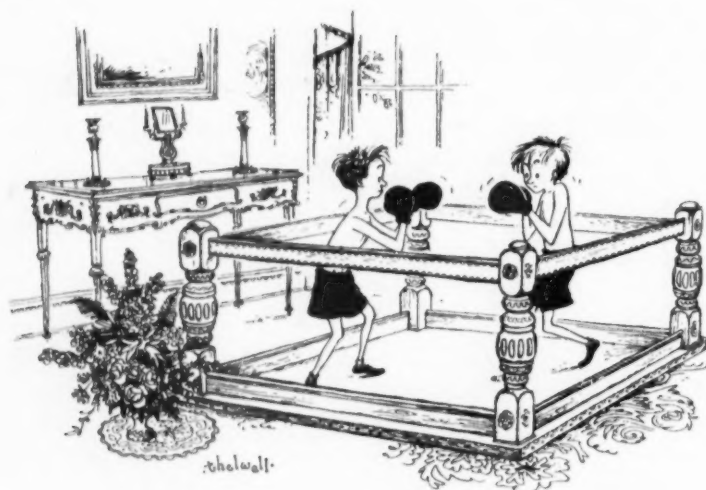
"Gladys says that no one in the family has ever been left-handed, and we are going to insist that Alec use his right hand only."

In view of the cumulative evidence from these and other experts the Hounslow boy was acquitted. Mr. Philip Curzon-Bailey, O.B.E., the juvenile court magistrate, said that strictly speaking the boy was guilty but that no liberal-minded magistrate should speak strictly to a young person who could not justly be held responsible for his guilt. Reviewing the boy's unfortunate history, Mr. Curzon-Bailey suggested that if Mr. Thomas Hounslow had not thwarted his son's earliest attempts at self-expression the sinistromania and starvation-psychosis might never have developed. As in nine out of ten cases that came before him, it was the parents—not the child—who were wholly to blame.

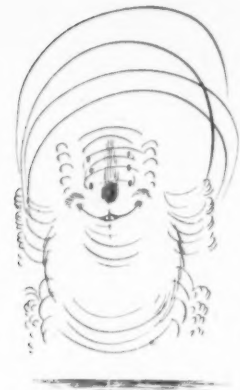
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Lucky Swine

"Pigs still collected, killed and cured in comfort."—A butcher's advertisement







A Million Tons of Halfpence

BY T. S. WATT

ONE evening seven or eight years ago, as I was hurrying into a public house, I was suddenly struck by the thought that I knew next to nothing about the universe. I must admit that it was a disconcerting moment. After all, the question "Where am I?" would be a fairly natural one on the lips of an infant just emerging from the cradle. Asked by a young man on attaining his majority it would seem a little belated. But surely it was a witless oaf indeed who would be content to hurtle blindly through space for more than half a lifetime without ever seeking the answer to such an elementary problem.

The next day I bought two books—*The Mysterious Universe*, by Sir James Jeans, and *The Magic of the Stars*, by M. Maurice Maeterlinck. Within a week I had mastered the contents of both, and was left with mingled feelings of admiration, disappointment and uneasiness.

First, as to the admiration. "If we throw up a million tons of halfpence," says Sir James Jeans, "we know there will be 500,000 tons of heads and 500,000 tons of tails. *The experiment may be repeated time after time, and will always give the same result.*" The italics are mine. When I scanned these words—with a lump in my throat, I must confess—it seemed to me that man's heroic devotion in his search for truth could hardly go further. I was wrong.

On page 33 of M. Maeterlinck's book the author quotes Sir James as follows: "We can construct an imaginary model of the system of the great nebulae by taking about fifty tons of biscuits and spreading them so as to fill a sphere of a mile radius . . ." Here is dogged perseverance indeed, and I cannot help thinking that in this "couldn't-care-less" age many of us might be the better for a little of that spirit of resolution and tenacity that supported this indomitable man as he quietly worked his way through his last ton of biscuits.

Having said this, I must admit that I was rather disappointed with Sir James's account of the universe. The stars seem to have got themselves into a pretty fine mess. Some are rushing wildly away into outer space at 15,000 miles a second; others are blundering towards us. Some that we can see are probably not there at all; others may be there which we cannot see. All are absurdly big and far too hot. Everything, says Sir James, is "quite frankly speculative and uncertain," and I must admit that, far from answering my question "Where am I?" there were moments when the author seemed to be hinting that I was not here at all.

If I found myself a little bewildered by Sir James's work I was rendered extremely uneasy by something I encountered in

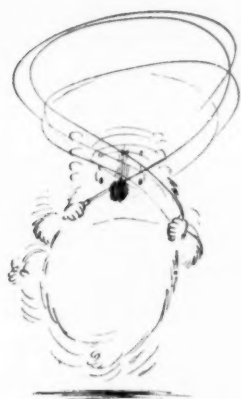
M. Maeterlinck's. "Who shall say," he writes, "that in the vastness of space there are not stars more advanced than ours, stars that are watching us, that keep their telescopes fixed on us, that see us as clearly as we shall one day see them; and yet cannot succeed, will perhaps never succeed, in getting their message through?"

But suppose that they *have* succeeded? As I say, I did not feel altogether happy about this idea of M. Maeterlinck's, and for some weeks after reading the passage I was troubled by an uncomfortable feeling of self-consciousness, particularly when alone. Wherever I went, no matter how secluded the retreat, I was haunted by the fancy that the stars might be trying, as it were, to buttonhole me, and perhaps getting pretty annoyed at their lack of success. At last, in desperation, I determined to make an experiment.

"Look here, you nebulae," I said, getting out my Patience cards, "if you're really trying to get in touch with me, make three games come out in succession."

Immediately after the conclusion of the experiment I wrote down the following report:

"Before each deal the cards were first thoroughly shuffled and then spread out face downwards on an ordinary baize-covered card-table. From this they were picked up at random by a blindfolded clergyman



of undoubted integrity. All three games came out with unprecedented smoothness. My usual average is one out of five. I have never before been successful in three consecutive games.

"In the final game I had a space in my top line into which I was entitled to move one of two kings. I was about to move the right-hand king when I was interrupted by a sharp cry from my clergyman friend. He complained of a sudden stab of pain in the lumbar region. Resuming my game, I moved the left-hand king, and the card uncovered proved to be an ace. The other card turned out to be the nine of clubs, which would have been useless. My friend later described the pain he had experienced as similar to that which would have been caused by a heavy kick."

Now, I can well believe that my approach to this matter was hopelessly unscientific, and I dare say Sir James Jeans, hurling his halfpence into the air with the assurance of the expert, would be inclined to scoff at my little experiment. Nevertheless, I have felt for some time that I should be taking a grave responsibility if I continued to keep such an affair to myself. Suppose that some strange, incalculable force, brooding in the silence of outer space, perhaps millions and millions of light-years beyond Betelgeuse, was attempting to communicate some idea—not necessarily, of course, a humorous one—and had chosen myself as a suitable intermediary? Would I not run some risk by withholding my full co-operation?

Well, I have set down the facts. Let wiser men draw the inferences.



GIOVANNETTI

Gentleman Cycling

SITTING at ease in tweeds and hardly knowing
Whose feet below are cutting circular capers,
He savours pleasantly with eyes of bright
And kindly blue the pastoral delight.
He hears the motor-cycles hardly slowing
But does not disconnect his circular rhythm;
Merely a half-raised eyebrow lets us know
That he condemns the hicoughed speed as low;
And even when the great cars blare a warning
He turns but slightly to the hedge, ignoring,
And does not breathe until the dust has flown
And meadowsweet has crept into its own.

His pack, methodically filled each morning,
Contains, we guess, a good brand of tobacco,
Sonnets by Donne and a small railway guide.
He gives a certain tone to us who ride
And he admits our kinship, does not mock us,
By bowing slightly, with a little smile,
For we are wheeled in silence too, and worship
Slowly as he the wonder of each mile.
Bless his bright rims and buttoned knickerbockers;
And may his little inns be circumspect,
Lavender aptly wreathe him at retirement,
Landladies mother him with due respect!

D. MATTAM

CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Sun-dial in Being

BY A. P. H.

NOW, children, action at last.

Let us choose Saturday, September 19, for Daddy will be home that day. You must arrange for some strong steady sunshine a little before noon (or rather, because of the accursed British Summer Time, before 1.0 p.m.). If it rains, as is almost certain, the whole operation is off for the day.

Now, Daddy will have looked up the Equation of Time in the Almanac. On September 19 it is + (plus) six minutes and nine seconds. That is to say, that day the Sun is six minutes *ahead* of the clock. When Big Ben strikes twelve (or, curse it, 1.0 B.S.T.!) the Sun has passed, he has been gone six minutes, and to find Sun-time you must *add* six minutes and nine seconds to twelve.

On August 4, on the other hand, the Equation of Time was - (minus) six minutes exactly. The Sun was six minutes *behind*: and when Big Ben struck twelve (or rather 1.0 B.S.T.) it was only 12 (or 1.0) *minus* six minutes by the Sun at Westminster.

If this muddles Daddy—and, gosh, it muddles *me*!—tell him to think of it in this way:

Equation *plUS* — Sun has *gUSto*
Equation *mINus* — Sun *behIND*

Well, now,

- (1) at Whitstable the Sun is always 4 minutes ahead
- (2) on this day, everywhere, the Sun is 6 minutes ahead
- (3) so Noon by the Sun will be 10 minutes ahead which makes Noon by the Sun at Whitstable 11.50 by the clock (G.M.T.).

Now, if you live near Henley, in Longitude 1 degree *West*, the Sun is always four minutes *behind* the clock. When Big Ben booms it is only 11.56 by the Sun. On the other hand, on this day, September 19, the Sun is everywhere six minutes *ahead*. So you have six minutes *plus* (Equation of Time) against four minutes *minus* (Longitude) which is *plus* two—is it not? The Sun at Henley will be only two minutes ahead, and Noon by the Sun will be at 11.58 by Big Ben.

Very well. Here we are, near Henley, on this glorious morning, September 19. The Thing, or *gnomon*, has been lightly driven into the ground, at the appointed spot. It is pointing as near due North as

we can make it, and a plumb-line hangs from the end of it. George is supporting it. William stands by with a mallet, Mary with a stick, or stone, or paint to mark the sacred spot when we discover it. Henry lies on the ground with the piece of cardboard on which is drawn the angle of our Latitude (at Nettlebed it is $51\frac{1}{2}$). Daddy has checked his watch with TIM again. We all watch the two shadows, the shadow of the Thing, *gnomon*, rod, or pole, and the shadow of the plumb-line. The shadow of the plumb-line lies to the right, but as the Sun moves to the West the two shadows slowly draw together.

If we are sure that our Thing is pointing due North, the moment we are seeking is the moment when the two shadows become one shadow. But we are not *quite* sure: and that effect can be produced at any hour of the day, with a Thing pointing in any direction. The ancients had to rely a lot on the two shadows: we have Big Ben, and TIM and the B.B.C. and Daddy as well: but they can still be a great help. Daddy counts off the seconds as the moment approaches: and if, when it is very near, the shadows are not very near, George must shift the Thing at its base so that they *are* very near. When Daddy says "Bang!" at last the two shadows *must* be made one. William then must drive the Thing home with his mallet: others must make its position firm with earth and stones and what-not. Henry must watch carefully that no eager helper alters the angle of the Thing. Mary, meanwhile, will mark with stick, stone or paint the point where the shadow cuts the circle. There, at last, is our XII hour-line, from which all the rest will follow.

Now we can relax and have lunch—unless anyone likes to dash out and mark the quarters and half-hour, and, if not very hungry, the five minutes as well. After lunch you can do the rest of the afternoon hours, and to-morrow the morning hours. But it is certain to rain after lunch, and probably there will be no sunshine for the next seven days.

Even then we are not defeated: for in theory (we do not advise it) you can complete your dial without further assistance from the Sun.

The formula is:

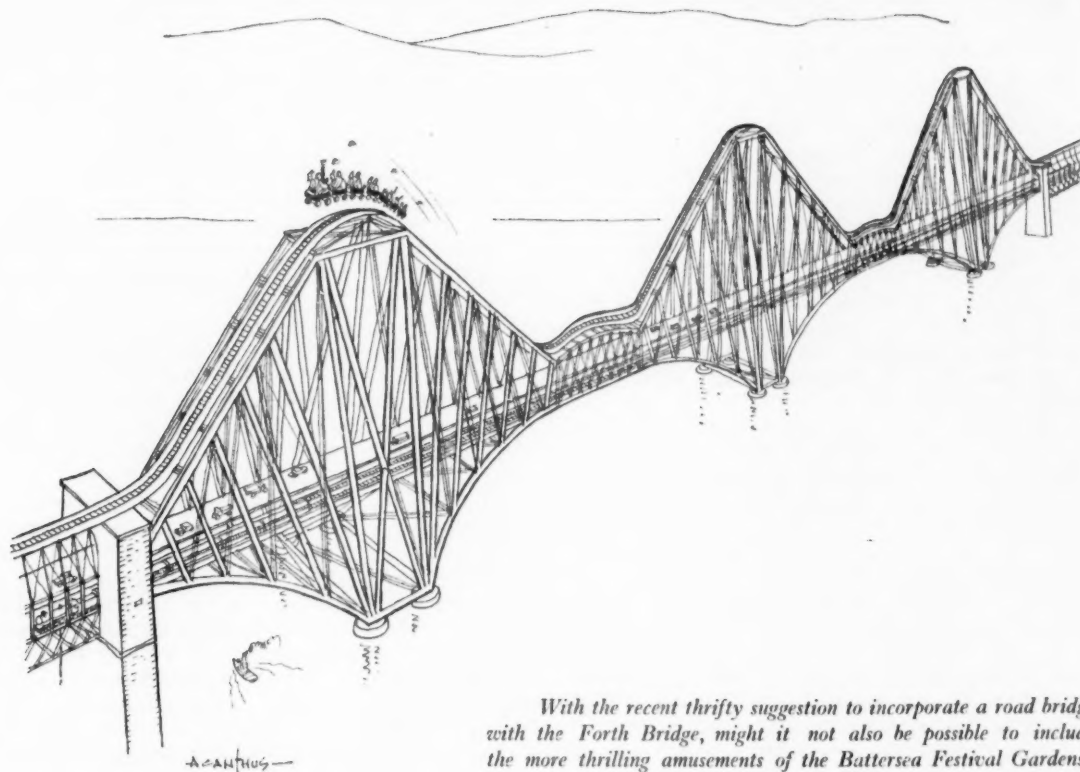
$$\tan H + \tan h \times \sin L$$

where H is the angle between the hour-line (1, 2, 3, etc.), and the meridian; h the hour angle, the angle described by the Sun between the given time and noon; and L, the Latitude.

I have worked out the angles for Daddy. They are angles to be drawn at the base of the Thing or *gnomon*. One side is the XII hour-line; and the other will be the I, II, III hour-line, etc.



P.M.	A.M.
I (and XI)	11° 50'
II (and X)	24° 19'
III (and IX)	38° 2'
IIII (and VIII)	53° 35'
V (and VII)	71° 6'



With the recent thrifty suggestion to incorporate a road bridge with the Forth Bridge, might it not also be possible to include the more thrilling amusements of the Battersea Festival Gardens?

VI (and VI)	90°
VII (and V)	119°
VIII (and IIII)	126° 25'

In theory Daddy could draw these angles on large sheets of paper, and with bits of string and so on you could extend them to the edge of the dial. But any small error that Daddy made on paper would become quite large on the lawn: and I advise you to wait for the Sun. He knows best: and there is plenty of time. You will need plenty, I warn you: for, just as you are waiting to mark 3.25 the wretched Sun will go in. But you will get an accurate dial, and your patience will be rewarded.

Note, though, that every day the Equation of Time is changing: so Daddy will have to do sums every day. Suppose that there is no Sun till the following Saturday, September 27. The Equation of Time will then be *plus* eight minutes and fifty-seven seconds. The Sun will be bounding along nearly nine minutes ahead of the clock. But he will still pass Nettlebed four minutes *later* than he passes Greenwich: so the sum is *plus* nine *minus* four, which is *plus* five. Daddy, then, must mark 3.10 when it is 3.5 according to TIM.

If, however, you live at Whitstable—1 degree East—the sum will be *plus* nine *plus* four (or *plus* thirteen): and Daddy must mark 3.10 when TIM says 2.57.

But I think, myself, that your Longitude is an unnecessary complication: and here is a

Special Note for Daddy.—You can, if you like, eliminate the differences caused by difference of Longitude, and, if I were you, I should. If you live, for example, near Land's End in Cornwall, your Longitude is 5 degrees W. and Noon by the Sun is twenty minutes later than Noon at Greenwich. It will be a nuisance to have to add twenty minutes—sometimes more—when you want to “tell the time” by your dial. I should fix your *gnomon* in the usual way, as we have just done, so that it points due North, and the shadow properly shows God's Noon—Noon by the Sun. Make a special mark there but don't mark the hour of twelve. Wait till next day. Your difference of Longitude is twenty minutes—*minus*—or later by the clock. The Equation of Time, is, say, *minus* five minutes. So, strictly, you should make your twelve mark where the shadow falls at 12.25. Don't do that. Mark it at 12.5, and the other hours accordingly. Then your dial will disagree with Big Ben to the extent of the Equation of Time only.

One day I want to see the Largest Sun-dial in the World, in Parliament Square. You will be able to compare it with Big Ben. But no more now.

Winco at Waterloo

BY LIONEL HALE

ON this autumnal morning of the first day of term, the Lower Fourth presented twenty-one stares of reserved judgment at their new master (History, English, and Games). He gave them back the embracing smile of bonhomie with which, as Intelligence Officer in the R.A.F., he had greeted his pilots in the happy years.

Mr. Geoffrey Bent was short, upright, and blue-eyed. His close-cut hair was growing grey, but his geniality was undimmed. Why, they would be calling him "Winco" in no time: they had done so, after he had dropped enough hints, in all the other four prep. schools which had employed him since the war. It was Dorset first, a bit too snobbish, and then Bognor, and, as by natural descent, Hastings and Seaford; and now he had, as he said with a chuckle, "re-posted himself to an auxiliary strip in Berkshire," just outside Reading. The Head (M.A. Oxon.) had seemed to him at the familiar interview "a very decent Station Commander," and there was a good pub near the end of the little drive.

He had already got the names of his form sorted out, a trick learned

of necessity in the war, when names changed rather rapidly in the mess. And now to get on terms with the boys about the Battle of Waterloo. Get them alerted. History, as Winco Bent had said in a number of masters' common rooms, was alive, actually.

"Right. Let's get weaving," said Winco briskly, tucking his handkerchief up his sleeve. "Battle of Waterloo. Now I'm going to brief you first with all the essential gen about this Waterloo op., and you can keep the questions till afterwards. Smoke," he added with a deliberate twinkle, "if you want to, chaps."

It was his usual little joke, but new to this form; and they regarded it with courteous interest.

"Date, 1815," said the new master. "This Napoleon—Corsican type—had been interned in Elba, which is an island in the Med. Never was posted to the Med. myself, but a lot of good types tell me it's rather a bind. Well, this Napoleon found the Med. a bit of a bind and . . . I suppose," said Winco Bent, struck by a sudden thought, "you all know what the Med. is?"

"Would it, sir, be an abbreviation," asked a freckled boy with spectacles, "for the Mediterranean Sea?"

"Roger," said Bent, agreeably. "Well, this Napoleon bales out of Elba and arrives in the South of France and collects a lot of Frenchmen, Army jobs, and gets to Paris, and, of course, the British take a paltry view amounting to dim about all this and send out an Expeditionary Force. Under a general called Wellington. Wellington, general, brown type," said Winco, with a jester's anticipatory gleam, and added "Wellington, eh? So let's just call him Wimpey."

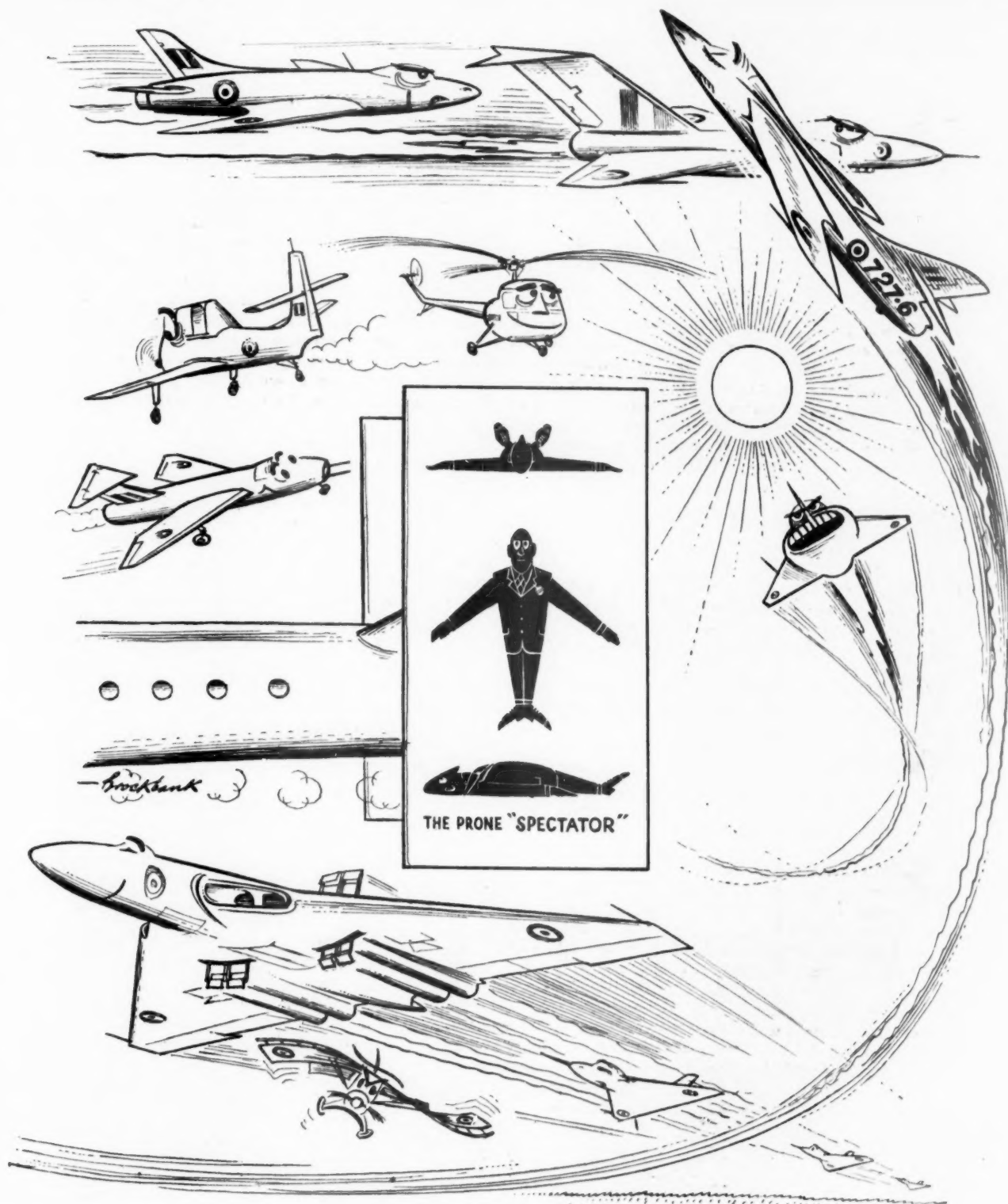
Travers major, who was carving a picture on his desk of Neville Duke's Hawker Hunter and was adding squiggles to represent the dissolving sound barrier, looked up, frowned perplexedly, and resumed his carving.

"Well, old Wimpey gets to Belgium, where he's joined by his allies, who in this war, for some ropery reason, were the Prussians, and they formate round about Brussels—which," said Winco in an enthusiastic parenthesis, "I don't mind telling you from personal experience is a wizard leave-town, and bang-on generally. Now this gives Napoleon a chance to do a bit of dicing, and up he comes. So old Wimpey had to scramble. Round about June 10th, 1815," said Bent, fingering the top button of his waistcoat, left undone in memory of fighter pilots long since forgotten.

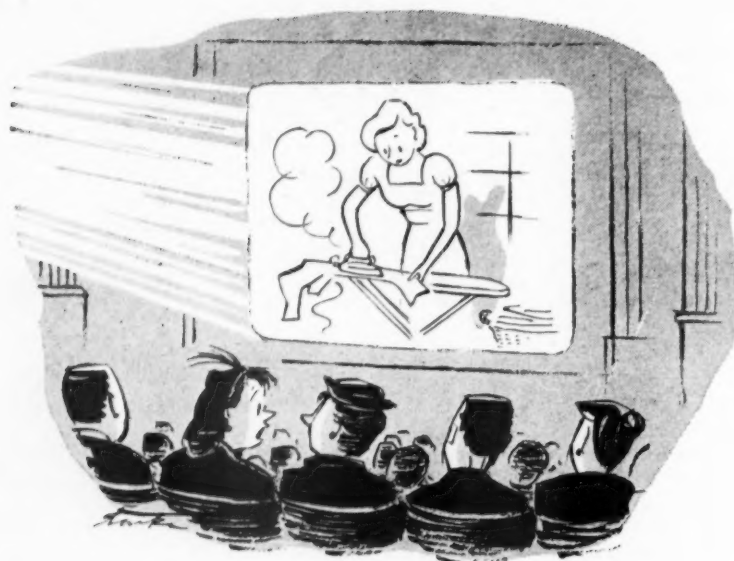
"Now pay attention, all of you, because we're coming to this op., and June 19th is D Day . . ." The cheerful little voice went on.

Outside the class-room a leaf shivered, ready to fall, on the plane tree, and the rusty autumnal sun rose in an overcast sky. The twenty-one boys looked steadily at Winco. In the back row, Carteret-Brown turned a slow and reflective head to meet the eye of his confederate, Collis minor. It was the look which an employer of men exchanges with his confidential secretary. It was final, impersonal, and un pitying.





FARNBOROUGH 1953



"That's what I should be at home doing, really."

T.U.C. at I.O.M.

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

A LADY from Sunderland,
Like Alice in Wonderland,
Thought it curiouser and curiouser
That people were getting furiously
and furiously.
There was no cause for alarm.
We only needed to disarm.
We should abandon the Malay
And call it a day.
We should disband the Gurkhas
And distribute their wages among
the workers.
We could avoid revolution
By nationalizing all the means of
production and distribution.

But Sir William Lawther
Said he'd much rawther
That, before it acts,
The Congress should discover the
facts—
In which he differed from all the
various propositions
Advanced by the Union of
Electricians.

Mr. Jack Tanner
Was a planner.

"Whatever wasn't nationalized
Should be rationalized."

Said Sir Lincoln Evans,
"Good heavens,
Surely anyone would feel
bored
At being asked to serve on a Steel
Board."

Sir Vincent Tewson
Got loose on
The inevitable variety
Of a managerial society.

But Mr. Deakin,
Speakin'
On behalf of the platform,
Said he thought that form
Of industrial organization
Was against the best interests of
the nation.

A gentleman called Horrocks
Quoted *Jorrocks*.
He said that that was what Surtees
meant
By advertisement.

He was a vulture
For culture,
But when he got on to *Mr. Sponge's
Sporting Tour*
Some of them voted him a snorting
bore.

Then we came down with a jerk
To equal pay for equal work,
But nobody quite knew what to say
About equal work for equal pay.

Mrs. Eirene White
Disliked both the Left and the Right.
"Those who liked catch-as-catch-can
Could have their holidays in the
Isle of Man,
But she, though no supporter of
Mr. Bevan,
Preferred to have her holidays in
Devon."

A delegate then offered his thanks
to the Mayor.

"How glad they all were to see him
there.

The House of Keys
Haddoneall that they could to please.
Every Deemster
Was a steamster.
A good time had been had by all,
And for many a long day they would
recall
Their thanks
To the Manx."

Then Tom O'Brien,
As brave as a lion,
Laid about him with a will,
But contrived all the while still
To combine urbanity
With sanity.
He was a regular steamer
For the Kineema,
But, if they nationalized the film,
It would kill 'em.
In fact he didn't think they oughter
Nationalize anything much except
water.

Finally he had a hunch
That it was about time to adjourn
for lunch.

§ §

Mystery Corner

"SCIENCE AND ETHICS"

The official service for the annual
Abbas Halim, a cousin of ex-King Farouk,
was released from prison and placed under
house custody to-day."—*The Observer*

A Student of Life

BY RICHARD GORDON

I FANCY that the World Conference on Medical Education, which met in London recently, would have been confounded by the instructional problem embodied in my friend James Harrison Proot.

I met Proot when I first edged into the intimidating dark and leathery common room at St. Swithin's Medical School, a new student with the chalk of the school-room still on my shoulders. He raised himself from the comforting dust of an undisturbed corner and welcomed me solemnly. He was a tall commanding figure, enviably dressed, aggressively moustached, garnished with a buttonhole: I took him for at least a junior consultant, showered him with sirs, and let him choose my books and my lodgings.

But Proot too was a student; he had been a student over twenty years, and when I later graduated and left the hospital he was still one. He stayed unqualified not by indolence or ignorance—he had long ago given up taking examinations—but through habit. On the strength of some shadowy allowance he could come daily to the hospital, respectable with bowler and umbrella, read the papers in the common room, lunch in the refectory, discuss medical and lay topics with his companions, and agreeably pass the afternoon on the fringe of any clinical class that took his fancy.

He was an impressive figure in the wards when asked to pronounce on a case by a consultant (usually his contemporary). His knowledge of medicine was sketchy and freakish, but his opinions were as magnificent as a thunderclap. "I have considered the case of this poor unfortunate lady," he would boom at the bedside, "and I have reached the diagnosis, on mature reflection, that the causation of her most distressing symptoms is—ah, intra-abdominal mischief."

The patient accepted this grand opinion with a quick smile of hope; even Proot himself believed he had somehow furthered the progress of her case.

Outside the wards, Proot was

the most useful man in St. Swithin's. He was treasurer of the Rugby club, organizer of the flag day, and secretary of the students' union—seemingly for life. Whenever a delegation had to approach the Dean or the police, Proot headed and guided it immaculately. No one knew of his domestic life—a wife seemed financially unlikely, and parents either improbably tolerant or dead. Only occasionally his background showed through. He would sometimes invite impressionable students to "dine with me at the Beefsteak," but the young men, excited at a foray into London's clubland, unhappily found themselves at a public house of that name in Islington, near which Proot had unrevealed lodgings.

At the beginning of the war Proot qualified. The Dean forced him into the examination room, where his voice resounded confidently: "I have reflected on the unfortunate fate of this unhappy child, and I have been forced to the conclusion that the only remedy for its unpleasant condition is—ah, some form of surgery." "What form of surgery, Mr. Proot?" the examiner snapped. Proot looked pained. "My dear good sir," he boomed, "I was not aware that I was sitting the examination for the Fellowship."

Either Britain was dangerously

short of doctors, or the examiners were dangerously short of perception. Proot passed, confessing himself "totally unprepared for this unexpected upheaval." He was too old for the R.A.M.C., and disappeared for a while to practise elsewhere the art he had squandered so many years to absorb. But he was shortly back in his old dusty corner, paler and less confident: it seemed he had passed through some testing experience. "I fear that between the practice and the mastery of the healing art," he confessed sombrely, "there is something of a hiatus."

For some years he lingered at the hospital, distributing as generously as ever his useless opinions. When fresh and vigorous students came breezily from the Forces, and even women were admitted among the manly lockers and lecture rooms, Proot was taken to the wards himself with an obscure and pernicious illness. His physicians were sadly incapable of a worthwhile diagnosis, but before he died he propped himself on his pillow and declared: "On mature reflection of my own unfortunate case, I am inclined to believe that the seat of the mischief is—ah, somewhat psychological."

The Dean's obituary forgetfully still called him "Mr."; but he would have wished it so.





BOOKING OFFICE

The Professor and the Justice

Holmes - Laski Letters : Correspondence between Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold Laski, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe; with a Foreword by Felix Frankfurter. *Oxford University Press*, 84/-

ON the face of it, no two human beings could have been less alike than Harold Laski and Mr. Justice Holmes, whose correspondence extending over some twenty years is now available in this country in two handsome volumes superbly edited and indexed by Mr. M. DeWolfe Howe. Laski was physically small, a Jew from Manchester, fabulously quick-witted and



as fabulously untruthful; Holmes was large, majestic, picturesque even, class-conscious as only an American can be, equipped with a sound and assiduous, but somewhat ponderous, intellect, and more than half a century Laski's senior. Yet their relationship endured (though largely, it must be admitted, *in absentia*) until Holmes's death in 1935. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Holmes's remark that it provided the great comfort of his declining years. As for Laski—the very voluminousness of his letters in so busy and distracted

a life is an indication of the esteem in which he held the Justice.

What did they see in one another? The Letters, as such, are excruciatingly boring and pretentious, without one touch of authentic humour on either side—mostly a recital of books which, in Laski's case, in view of the banality of his judgments on them, one may pay him the compliment of supposing that he had done no more than glance at. Something more has to be looked for, in explaining this so curious relationship, than its intellectual content.

As far as Laski was concerned, Holmes no doubt symbolized to him the solid worth, the self-assurance born of an accepted place in society, which he so longed to have. That dead-pan visage and those large white moustaches were an image of the established social order. Laski himself could not hope to become similarly garnished, but at least he could attach himself to Holmes and bask in the radiance of his immense respectability. Like so many ostensible revolutionaries, that is to say, Laski had an excessive respect for authority. What he resented was not established authority, as such, but rather his exclusion from it. Thus, in writing to Holmes, he poured scorn on Marx and Marxism, and had nothing to say for the Soviet régime, which only found favour in his eyes when it, too, had become dead-pan and heavily moustached—that is, established. Indeed, if Stalin had been the letter-writing sort, there is no inherent reason why Laski should not have conducted a long correspondence with him, almost identical with the Holmes correspondence, except, of course, that instead of Liberal assumptions throughout there would have been Stalinist ones. As a matter of fact, towards the end of his life Laski used in conversation to try to give the impression that he was on the same sort of terms with Stalin as he had been with Holmes.

Holmes's side of the affair is much more difficult to account for. He cannot, one supposes, have really believed Laski's tall stories about settling the General Strike, and generally being the behind-the-scenes manipulator of British policy at home and abroad. As time went on, Laski's letters to him got more and



more careless, to the point that the most credulous reader could scarcely have been taken in by them. Perhaps it was that the Justice was bored, and found in Laski's romancing the same sort of relief that Shaw did in Frank Harris's. Holmes's house in Washington has about it to this day an air of tedium. It evokes a sense of the interminableness of afternoons.

In any case, the fact remains that this oddly assorted pair had something to give to each other. The letters they exchanged are to that extent interesting, though it is difficult to see what Mr. Justice Frankfurter has in mind when he suggests in his Foreword that the Letters have any interest or significance apart from the light shed on the characters of the two correspondents. Like two people who have married for money, and then found that neither of them in reality has any fortune, Laski and Holmes found it more convincing, more satisfying to their self-esteem,

not to call one another's bluff. They went on through the years pretending to one another, and to themselves, that their companionship belonged to the light of day rather than to evening shadows—the old Justice in his lonely house mulling over liberal assumptions ever more evidently refuted in an age of violence, credulity and cruel passion; the younger Professor busily engaged in truth, and even more busily and importantly in fancy, but likewise, had he known it, pursuing echoes from the past. It is interesting to reflect that at the same time, and in the same way, Shaw was conducting voluminous and affectionate correspondences, in his case with ladies, though, as with Laski and Holmes, he rarely encountered them in the flesh.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Murder in New Orleans. Robert Talent. — — — Kimber, 15/-

As a change from William Roughead and his "classic" British crimes the amateur student of criminology and the thriller-fan who finds truth stranger than fiction might like to tackle the seven famous trials carefully documented in this trans-Atlantic collection. This is New Orleans in its wildest, most colourful and sinful period, the New Orleans of Canal Street, Basin Street, North Rampart Street and the Mafia. What with race riots, gang wars and a degree of graft and political corruption only equalled in dear old Chicago, the wonder is that the seamy side of life in old New Orleans is as presentable as it is here; but "Let the Poor Girl Sleep!" "I'm Fit as a Fiddle and Ready to Hang," and "The Axeman Wore Wings" should satisfy the most bloodthirsty.

Not the least interesting of the book's contents are its sidelights on American journalism of seventy years ago. The *Daily Picayune* devoted columns of detailed description to the room in which the celebrated Kate Townsend met her death . . . "a magnificent *étagère* . . . and small articles of vertu, betraying great taste both in selection and arrangement . . . a plethora of the finest linen wear and bed clothing . . . The hangings of the bed, even the mosquito bar were of lace, and an exquisite basket of flowers hung from the tester of the bed. Around the walls were suspended chaste and costly oil paintings. The bloodstained carpet was of the finest velvet." How's that, eh?

A. B. H.

A Kid for Two Farthings. Wolf Mankowitz. André Deutsch, 7/6

Mr. Mankowitz, refined perhaps by the slimming diet he suffered earlier in the year, has produced a novel almost completely purged of the slick surface shine that has hitherto tended to

obscure the real merit of his writing. *A Kid for Two Farthings* tells how a six-year-old Jewish boy living in Aldgate buys a deformed kid in Club Row in the belief that it is a unicorn whose magic horn, when it grows, will grant his wishes, and the wishes of his mother, of Mr. Kandinsky (the kindly tailor with whom they lodge), of Shmule the all-in wrestler, and one or two others.

It is a most touching little story, the more so for being pretty well free from sentimentality. The East End background is beautifully blocked in, without ever suggesting the reporter's notebook, and the characters are brought to life with a brilliant economy of means.

Comparison with William Saroyan seems inevitable. Mr. Saroyan may well be dismayed to see how his effects can be got without recourse to his tortuous complexity of manner.

B. A. Y.

Abraham Lincoln. Benjamin P. Thomas. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25/-

The great American is here presented as a moody young giant brought up on manual work, self-education and a minimum of polite manners to become a thriving big-fee lawyer and astute politician rather than as the familiar legendary figure of suddenly-acclaimed genius called to unsought preferment. The gawky brooding backwoodsman suffered, it would now seem, no hardship beyond what was normal to his place and period, his heart was never seriously broken and his success as a

statesman depended on his skill in leaving things unsaid rather than on his forthright declarations. He had a supreme capacity for learning as he went along.

Mr. Thomas, who courageously aspires to have achieved at long last a satisfying one-volume biography, is almost smothered under a crowd of trivial spectators, yet in spite of their encumbering presence and the distorting shadow of foreknown advancing tragedy, the real quality of his hero comes through his pages in the end clear and undiminished. C. C. P.

Seven Years in Tibet. Heinrich Harrer. Translated by Richard Graves; Introduction by Peter Fleming. Hart-Davis, 16/-

Finding the air of an internment camp (in India) ungrateful to his mountaineer spirit, Herr Harrer conceived the stupendously simple idea of "escaping over the Himalayas to Tibet." Just like that. Through high courage and dogged endurance he succeeded not merely in reaching Tibet but in remaining in that reserved and mysterious country for seven years—five in the Forbidden City itself—and in bringing out this exciting book with his own illustrations. Without literary frills it is lively with action and crammed with facts, while its commendable brevity of style has an impact on the reader like that of a machine-gun.

In 1950 Red China took Tibet under her "protection" and recent news is almost non-existent. The more



welcome are Herr Harrer's keen observation and objective comments on this contradictory people: people who live in utter isolation and yet read *Life* for instance—inheritors of a race who deliberately forgot the wheel lest its use should lead to undue haste!

J. D.

Hands Across the Caviar. Charles Thayer. *Michael Joseph*, 11/9

Mr. Charles Thayer's *Bears in the Caviar* was deservedly successful, if only because it introduced a lighter note into the sombre, and infinitely tedious, theme of ideological warfare. In *Hands Across the Caviar* he carries on in the same manner, though where before he was describing mainly his experience as an American diplomat in Moscow and Berlin, this time he deals with his contacts with the Russians during the 1939-45 war, notably in Yugoslavia. The material is a bit thin and the high spirits are a bit forced. The fault here is rather in his stars than in himself. A drawing-room farce has turned into grand guignol, and not all the *slavic* in the world can make it otherwise. All the same, there are plenty of amusing and instructive episodes and encounters.

M. M.

Monsoon Quarter. Marion Lowndes. *Gollancz*, 12/6

The widow of an American parasitologist decides to carry out by herself the expedition they had planned together and, despite warnings and headshakings, forces her way out to a remote settlement in Papua. After staying long enough to get acclimatized, she unwisely accepts the hospitality of a dapper and erudite Dane, who lives on a small island three days away by prau. There she begins by admiring the clockwork precision with which his copra plantation is run, continues by taking down his autobiography, and ends by realizing that his courtliness, punctuality and imperiousness are symptoms of growing insanity.

Much the best part of the novel is the incidental travelogue stuff. The "there was I cut off from civilization with a maniac" part is a little humdrum, a little slack. In this kind of novel everything depends on the maintenance and increase of tension, and, despite the interesting and often inventive detail, uncertainties of planning waste the book; which is a pity, because it has a promising idea.

R. G. G. P.

Ants. Derek Wragge Morley, M.A., F.L.S. *Collins* (The Naturalists' Library), 18/-

The ant, taking it by and large, cannot be said to be the most appealing of the insect creation. Apart from the frantic, if apparently futile, activity which has endeared it to moralists through the centuries as an exemplar to the indolent, most people know it

only as an inveterate and unselective stinger, upon whose home kettles of boiling water are poured by unfeeling gardeners.

Mr. Morley, however, has devoted his life to the study of these interesting if unlikeable creatures, and he has much to tell about their surprisingly intelligent habits; as, for example, their enslavement and exploitation of their weaker neighbours, and their ingenious manner of employing "dairy" herds of aphides to provide them with honey, a fact familiar to those who are old enough to remember that undeservedly forgotten juvenile classic, *Peter the Cruel*. But ants are still ants; and it is gratifying to learn that the development of a Super-Ant à la Wells is a biological impossibility.

C. F. S.



AT THE PLAY

VARIETY (PALLADIUM)
VARIETY (METROPOLITAN,
EDGWARE ROAD)

IN the programme which has just finished at the Palladium there were several turns which I was glad to have seen. First—because young comedians of originality are rare—I mention a piece of bright innocence named JOE CHURCH, a native product of whom, if he can hold the freshness of his attack, we should hear a lot more. JOE CHURCH is an optimist who exhales ozone in a high-speed line of abnormally clean patter. He has cheek and a winning personality, and naively marks on a large scoreboard the reception of each joke.

In the sharpest contrast was a seasoned American, PAT HENNING,

who trades not on confidence but anxiety. He is a wrinkled, worried, poker-faced little man who keeps looking over his shoulder apprehensively for the management while he confides his many doubts and fears. On this brief hilarious acquaintance I am a HENNING fan. In addition we were given the THREE HOUCS, who juggled with brilliance at such a rate that one's eyes were nearly torn from their sockets; the MYRONS, one of whom, lying in a sports model of a dentist's chair, supports on his feet a long metal pole on which his fellow plays incredible tricks of balance, such as twiddling the driving wheels of a tractor; and two delightful visitors from Brazil, VIC and ADIO, men with wrists of steel who carry out extraordinary acrobatics with the gravity of Regius Professors solving a riddle of the fourth dimension.

But on this occasion this bank of solid talent was no more than an hors-d'œuvre, whetting the appetites of a gum-chewing assembly of youthful devotees who had come to do homage to one of the most potent tribal gods of rhythm, FRANKIE LAINE.

Without the resources of a pathological laboratory it is impossible to deal accurately either with his performance or with its galvanic effects on its addicts. As a phenomenon, of undoubted social significance, LAINE is fascinating. A high priest of the new religion of moronic crooning, he is a burly man, an American, and appears in no way dissatisfied with himself. Opening your eyes and ears in a sudden exposure, you would say he was a prize-fighter suffering some mortal agony. His voice ranges from an



Mr. FRANKIE LAINE in person.

oleaginous whisper to a harsh shout, and while he is pumping it relentlessly into the mike—always, be it noted, with an undeniable sense of rhythm—his fingers twitch, his knees oscillate, and his body behaves as if he were standing up in a small boat in a storm. His theme-sound is “oo,” which he detaches from such words as “you” and “blue” with the resonant note of a long-distance owl. His songs pour over one like a stream of warm treacle. Most of them suggest a field-manual in adolescent mating, but the master can also grow soulful. When he does, he closes his eyes as if in a somnambulistic trance, and then the feeling that one is assisting at an esoteric orgy of unfathomable infantility becomes very strong indeed.

Even so, I found him less interesting than his audience. It made me wonder just what has happened to us, and into what jungles of mass-emotion we are heading. All round me were young people lost to everything but FRANKIE LAINE; hypnotized, if you like, but greeting the most jejune sally with feverish applause, and at the end of each song falling into a passionate ecstasy. Their abject adoration has been won, I gather, mainly by means of the gramophone. Their fathers and mothers, I couldn't help thinking, went to the music-hall in a very different state of mind. They went in a generous mood of enjoyment, but remained sharply critical, and nothing on earth could have fused them into a jelly of communal hero-worship.

To convince myself that such stalwarts still survived, I tried the old Metropolitan in the Edgware Road, where sturdy individualists, often whole families of them, were sitting in friendly judgment on a programme mercifully free from any trace of Croony and Sankey. The best of it was HURCH, charming, at a piano. His knees played no part in his performance, nor did erotic street cries. He has a lovely voice, and he sang. That was enough.

Recommended

Carrington, V.C. (Westminster), a sound dramatic play. *Anastasia* (St. James's), neat romance, well acted. *The Two Bouquets* (Piccadilly), a light musical by the Farjeons, carefully revived.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Shane—*Fanfan la Tulipe*

ONE of the hardest things for a regular critic is to keep a sense of proportion. Occasionally something outstandingly good comes along, and one wants to say so; yet it's necessary to keep it some way from the very top of the scale of approval, for in due course something that seems better is



Mrs. Starrett—JEAN ARTHUR

Shane—ALAN LADD

[Shane

quite certain to appear; and it's also necessary to praise it without belittling similar perfectly good things that have gone before. Plenty of people behave as if this last were impossible to do, but it's worth the attempt.

So much for the pompous introduction. The theme is *Shane* (Director: GEORGE STEVENS), a very good Western. It is certainly better than some Westerns I have praised in the past, but I'm not having second thoughts about those: they were good, too. Nevertheless *Shane*, though it uses situations and characters typical of this kind of story, has something like an added dimension: depth of character, feeling, imagination, the only worth-while kind of depth. They can keep their 3-D spectacles if they'll only provide this more often. (They can keep their 3-D spectacles anyway.)

The scene here is Wyoming in the late nineteenth century, and the story is of the conflict between the “homesteaders” who want to work their own small farms and the big cattle-men who want the rolling acres for grazing land. The cattle-men are the villains, but no attempt is made to suggest that they have not quite as good a case as their opponents: they behave ruthlessly, but we are shown their reasons, and they remain human. *Shane* of the title is that not unusual figure, the gunfighter weary of shooting. He is moved by friendship for one of the smallholding families to take a hand on their side; the opposition calls in another gunfighter, and the climax brings the usual lightning draws and bangs in the saloon.

A very familiar climax, of course. But before this a striking mood of reality has been established: VAN HEFLIN as the leading farmer, JEAN ARTHUR as his wife and BRANDON DE WILDE as his little son are convincing

characters, and one gets a real idea of the life of the early settlers. ALAN LADD's gunfighter, superficially the conventional hero, is much more of an individual than that implies, and the picture is visually magnificent, not only in wide-angle views of scenery but in all kinds of small-scale effects.

Fanfan la Tulipe (Director: CHRISTIAN-JAQUE) is a piece of fantastic nonsense that I enjoyed and laughed at a good deal. The mood is something like that of Clair's *Les Belles de Nuit*, though more consistently farcical. Essentially the piece is a burlesque of a swashbuckling costume picture, and it is taken at such breakneck speed—speed is the keynote of the whole affair—that many moments that would not bear thinking about come over as extremely funny.

Fanfan (surnamed “la Tulipe,” apparently, because he was given a tulip by some royal ladies he rescued from bandits) is a legendary character of the time of Louis XV who became a soldier and clowning his way with enormous energy through innumerable military and amorous adventures. GÉRARD PHILIP has a gay time in the part, and the director has managed to combine great speed and dash with much of the visual quality characteristic of French films.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London is another of the films first shown here (like *Fanfan*) during the French Film Festival in January: *La Minute de Vérité*, a much harsher affair, powerfully done. The delightful *Roman Holiday* (2/9/53) continues, and ANNA MAGNANI has a field day in *Bellissima*, noisy and quite amusing.

None of the new releases was

reviewed here at any length. *Always a Bride* is a cheerful comedy brightened by RONALD SQUIRE, and *By the Light of the Silvery Moon* is one of Warner Brothers' simple, corny, nostalgic period musicals brightened by DORIS DAY. RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Worthy Revivals

TELEVIEWERS have had an excellent opportunity during the last few days of comparing the relative merits of recorded and "live" drama. If they were lucky they saw the revival of *Western Approaches*, a fine British documentary produced in 1944 by the Crown Film Unit, and the revival of Edward Woolf's gripping play *Libel*, which was televised before the war. Both items made first-rate entertainment, and each in its own way illustrates quite succinctly the real advantages of the medium.

Libel is an all-talking talkie set within the three walls of the King's Bench Court (1927) of the Royal Courts of Justice in which the action is restricted to the movement of witnesses to and from the box, the mannered gesticulations of Learned Counsel, the odd peripatetics of the Judge, the swooning collapse of the plaintiff and the tearful expostulations of his bewildered wife. The point at issue is whether Sir Mark Loddon is really Sir Mark or a murderer masquerading as the baronet, and the decision of the jury—the entire TV audience—swings repeatedly from yea to nay and nay to yea, for and against Sir Mark, the plaintiff, and the *Daily Gazette*, the defendants. A genuine thriller.

The performance was not without its weaknesses, but I find it difficult



to attribute them to the producer, Douglas Allen. In a piece so devoid of action it must be extremely tempting to make more than the most of characterization and atmosphere, especially before an audience of eight millions. The exaggerated Gallic volubility and wistful embroidery of the Belgian doctor (played by Andrea Melandrinis) was either a clever but unnecessary and therefore irritating caricature or the unintentional result of inadequate rehearsal: and for my taste John Gabriel's portrayal of Counsel for the Defence was altogether too Dickensian. But all in all *Libel* is more effective live than on film and more effective before the TV cameras than on the stage. The scene is set easily and convincingly; there is an intimacy and immediacy about the performance that a recording could not capture; and the

sensitive handling of the cameras in close-up and panorama makes the bas-relief of the legitimate stage seem stiff and remote.

Ibsen, Shaw, Congreve and modern playwrights who know how to handle dialogue and avoid extra-mural complications are among TV's greatest assets.

It is only when we turn to the richer, more spectacular fare of *Western Approaches* that we realize how dull and stuffy TV would be without good film, and how easily our sense of judgment can be blunted by a regimen of studio trifles and Hollywood and Elstree rejects. In this excellent documentary we escape not only from stage-sets and roving-camera scene-setting but from every trick and convention of the audience-conscious professional performer. There is no over-acting, no ballyhoo, and no talk for talk's sake. We have twenty-one survivors of a torpedoed merchantman in an open boat, an Allied convoy, a preying submarine, and the Atlantic. And the Atlantic, as it should do, steals the thunder and the picture.

World Without End, a film made for Unesco by Paul Rotha and Basil Wright, with a script by Rex Warner, was marred to some extent, I think, by its needlessly complicated structure. It was an excellent idea to illustrate the problems of world-wide poverty and ignorance with film sequences of life in lands ten thousand miles apart, but a mistake to lace the two themes into one continuous narration. Many viewers must have found the sudden switches from Mexico to Thailand and back distracting and annoying. To be widely successful the documentary must put over its message as simply as possible. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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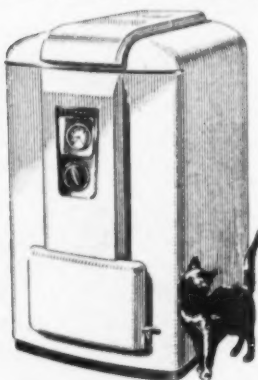
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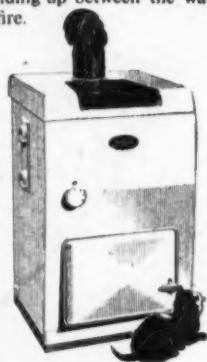
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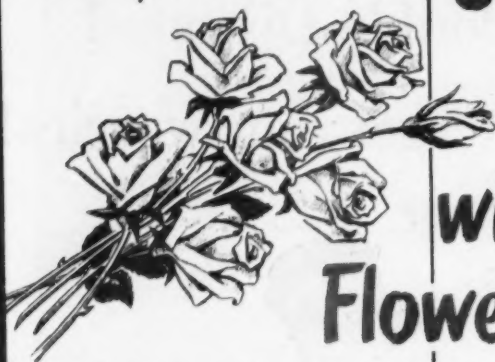
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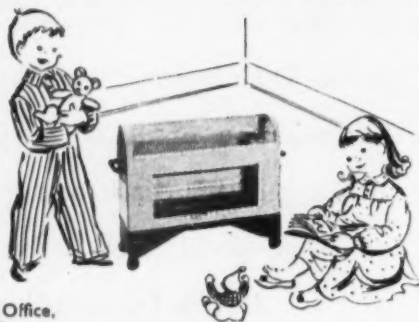
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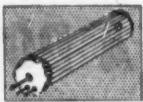
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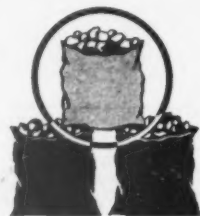
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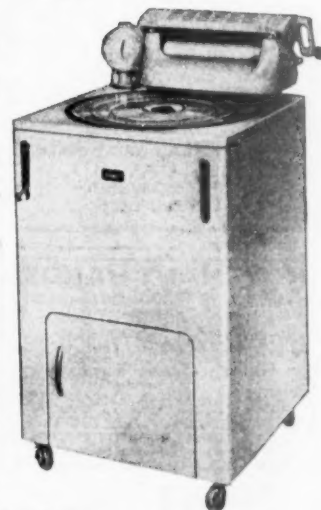


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wouldn't change it with any other
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A machine that

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is a good machine—and that briefly sums
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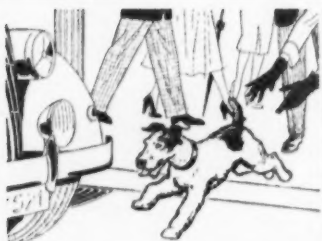
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Remember the

RSPCA




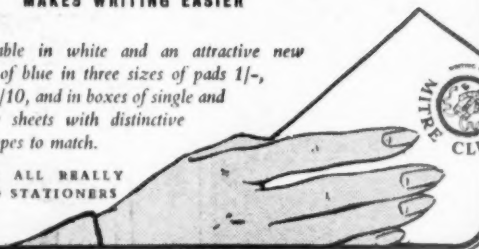
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Anna Gardner, of Southgate, is a model—her smile is part of her stock-in-trade, so it has to be good!

She keeps it good with a Wisdom Flextron toothbrush—the newest kind of toothbrush there is. Wisdom Flextron tufts have all the liveliness of the most expensive bristle. But more than that! They have the long life of nylon. And they can't break, won't go soggy.

No wonder Wisdom Flextron cleans your teeth better than any other toothbrush. And no wonder Anna's smile is so fresh and scintillating! We think a smile like that's worth much more than 2/3d. Don't you?

Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford, who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780



How's your toothbrush?

Is it getting tattered? Perhaps a bit dog-eared? Look at it tonight and buy a new Wisdom Flextron tomorrow. It's the biggest advance in toothbrushes since nylon was invented! In three textures: Medium, Hard and Extra Hard. 2/3d.

Wisdom
WITH
Flextron
TUFTS

Moody Meteorologist gets a 'regular' change of outlook

TRUST Bliggins for the black-Test weather-reports. They call him "Big Chief Rain-in-your-Face." "Watcher, weathercock," I hailed him. "How is life on the Air Ministry's roof?"

"10 10ths overcast," snarled Bliggins. "And don't expect me to talk about the weather when I'm feeling under it. If you're constipated like I am, the humblest isobar has more menace than a length of lead piping—"

"Dead piping," I put in, "that's your trouble."

"But—" quibbled Bliggins.

"I know, I know," I said. "But it's the 30 feet of piping inside you, which all your food has to go through, that I'm talking about. Nowadays, eating so much that's soft and starchy, you're not sending down anything for your bowel muscles to get hold of. They've nothing to pull and push."

"What's that to me?" asked Bliggins.



"A trough of no pressure," I said, "and that means constipation, and a depression moving in. What you need is bulk—in words of one syllable, All-Bran."

"That's not a medicine, that's a breakfast-food," said Bliggins.

"How right you are," I said, "and it's delicious! But a little All-Bran every day adds enough bulk to your diet to keep your intestinal muscles functioning properly. It'll make you 'regular' in a few days."

"It'd better," snapped Bliggins, and he took his cloud away with him.

When I saw him next, Bliggins looked like the proud father of a son. "Well, well," I said, "what a change in the weather. What happened?"

"All-Bran did it," chuckled Bliggins. "It made me 'regular' in about four days!"

"Further outlook settled," I said.

WHY ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system 'bulk' to prevent constipation. All-Bran's 'bulk' enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.



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I've found the answer!

"I had just the same trouble some years ago... such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer... 'Milk of Magnesia'—it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."

'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

4 oz. size 1/8—12 oz. size 3/4

'Milk of Magnesia'
*REGD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion



She's bathing her grandson and cleaning her teeth

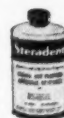
Or rather, Steradent is *oxygen-cleaning* her dentures for her. Like all fastidious denture wearers, she knows the importance of cleaning them every day with something made for the purpose.

She knows that the simplest, most effective way of cleaning her dentures is to steep them for 20 minutes daily in half a tumbler of water which contains Steradent. Without taking

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You'll find, too, that it is actually an economy to use Steradent—see how the 2/5d. flask lasts you! Also 1/4d. size.

*Leave the job to Steradent
—specially made to clean dentures*



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**NOW
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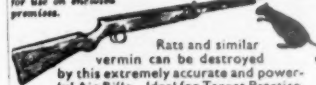
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T89-1434

Radiation Rhapsody

I heard about it...

“My dear, you make me green with envy. We ought to have changed our cooker years ago.”



I hankered after it...

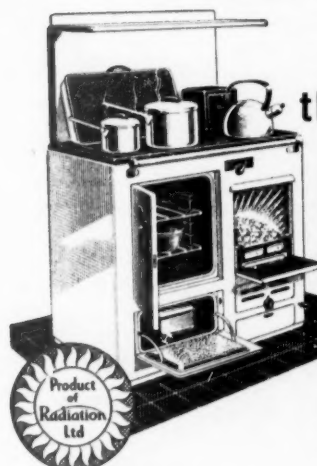
Lovely meals, lashings of hot water, open-fire comfort—and all for about 1/- a day! I’ll tackle Dick about it to-night.

I hinted at it...

“You see, dear, our old cooker simply *eats* fuel. It really would pay us to have an up-to-date model. Now, I know the very one—it uses less fuel than our sitting-room fire!”



We’re thrilled with it!



Approved by the
Ministry of Fuel & Power

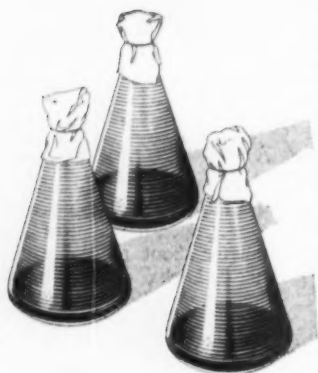
This is the Radiation model we chose—
the YORKSEAL

A good-looking, easy-to-manage cooker incorporating an open-and-close fire that burns economically *day and night* on coal, coke, anthracite, etc., and provides constant hot water. Simple control switch for obedient oven heat and open-fire burning. Labour-saving LEXOS porcelain enamel finish inside and out.

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Particulars of all Radiation models and names of your nearest stockists from: Radiation Group Sales Ltd. Leeds 12. (Dept. PVL)

Brown and Polson starch products in drug manufacture



AMONG the most valuable weapons in the armoury of modern medicine are the anti-biotic drugs. An anti-biotic, broadly speaking, is a substance that one micro-organism produces to the detriment of other micro-organisms. Penicillin, the most important of them at present, is produced by the mould *Penicillium notatum* during its growth in a liquid medium. It is particularly effective against 'Staphylococci' bacteria, which, as it happens, resist treatment by sulphonamide drugs.

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PENICILLIN is prepared commercially by extraction from *Penicillium* cultures in large tanks of corn steep liquor—the liquid that remains when maize has been steeped in water in preparation for the wet milling process used in starch manufacture. Another valuable anti-biotic, streptomycin, is also prepared commercially by extraction from a culture. The organism that produces it is *Actinomyces griseus*, and the medium for the commercial cultures is a 'broth', the main ingredient of which is a starch product called dextrose.



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OF A SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

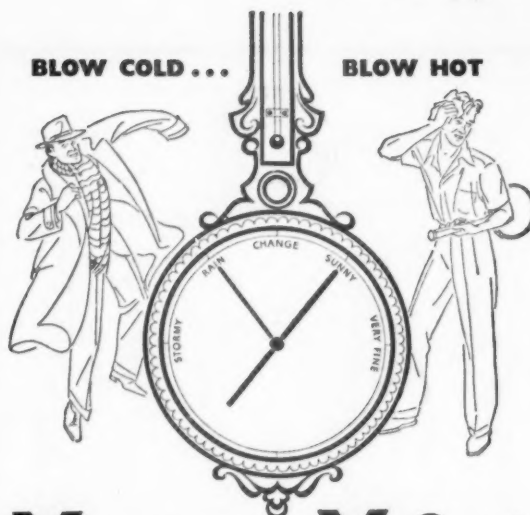


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Y's men wear Y-fronts

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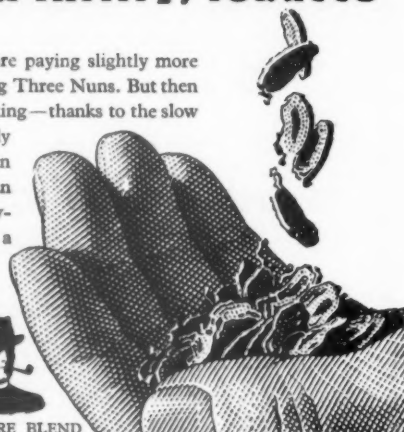
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You may think that you are paying slightly more for the privilege of smoking Three Nuns. But then it is so economical in smoking—thanks to the slow burning of that curious curly cut—that it costs you less in the long run. So you can continue to smoke your favourite Three Nuns with a clear conscience.

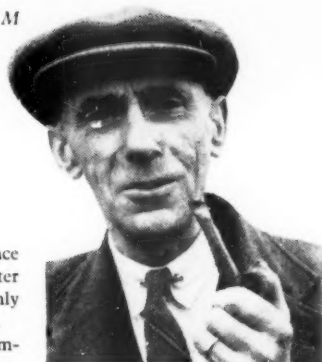
Three Nuns

ORIGINAL BLEND · EMPIRE BLEND

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Glasgow, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.



WORKERS IN THE TEAM
Number 3 in a series



This thoughtful, sensitive face belongs to a craftsman. Walter Turner is a man for whom only first class work is good enough.

He started work with the Company in 1925 after serving his apprenticeship as a joiner. Today he is general foreman in charge of important work: and everyone knows that under Walter's eye even the smallest details will be attended to thoroughly.

He has shares in the Company—a privilege reserved for those who set an outstanding example. But his chief reward comes when a fine job has been done and its

quality is noticed: then, his face lights up.

He takes great pleasure in the Company's annual outings because there he meets old fellow-workers and they talk of past jobs tackled together. For all his work is shared. This is the real secret of the satisfaction he gets from life: good work done by a team of which he is one.



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Building and Civil Engineering Contractors
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CLEAN
smart
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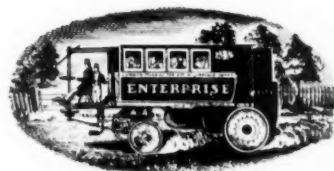
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**NOT GREASY
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Walter Hancock's steam omnibus was first introduced to a waiting public in 1833 and was named, appropriately, the 'Enterprise'.

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Few cricket seasons pass without some injury—and it may not always be a grazed elbow. Our Sportsmen's Policy covers you financially according to the risks of the game with premiums ranging from £1 for cricket to three half-crowns for bowls—and that's a point worth remembering.

BURNING QUESTION

How much loss would a fire cause you? Fires have a way of quickly spreading through your property, and though nothing can put back what goes up in smoke, our Fire Policy does make good your losses.

... and finally ...

If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide information about any other particular policies or about insurance problems generally—pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1 King William Street, Department T.1, London, E.C.4.

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